

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

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Only Memory.

BY M. E. ROCKWELL.

It was the morning of my wedding-day. How freshly my memory retains its impressions; the autumn just spreading its gorgeous hues upon the wooded hills, the serene October sunlight falling through a mellow haze upon the little village, and bathing all objects in its golden lustre till they seemed emanations from its own source. I saw and felt the exquisite beauty and peace of the morning as I stood at my window, and my heart was as calm, as full of serene happiness, as the landscape before me. There was a knock at my door, and my mother, accompanied by my bridesmaid-cousin, entered.

"So my little girl is ready, and pretty as usual," she said, glancing over me; but I felt the tremor in her voice and saw a tear fall from her eye, though her tone and words were so light.

"Yes, *just* as usual," exclaimed lively Cousin Sue. "I declare I never saw such a bride. She don't tremble nor turn pale, nor yet even blush. If I had not known she loved Arthur for the last ten years, I should fancy her supremely indifferent to him and the occasion. Are you quite sure you *do* care anything for him, even now, Cousin Bell?"

I was conscious of a slight flush upon my cheek, a half uneasiness at my heart roused by her words, but they subsided at once. I answered calmly, "How ridiculous, Sue," just as Arthur Woodcourt and his friend, Harry Mitchell, tapped at the door. A few moments after, we stood in the parlor with a few old friends around us, while the clergyman pronounced us husband and wife. It does not seem so long ago, but it is twenty-five years to-day. Yet, when I think of all those years

have brought—when I look at the reflection in the mirror opposite, I can but realize that I retain very little of the face or nature of twenty, now that I have reached forty-five. And when I look again, I see besides the pale brow and sunken cheeks—besides the hair fast betraying threads of white among its dark folds, something which was not born of the weakness of care, pain and trial, but perhaps of the strength which by faith, trust and patience triumphed over them.

Arthur, my husband, was my father's ward, and my companion in my early plays and studies. I can scarcely remember when it was settled that we were to be married. I think I must have been accustomed to the thought from a child, for I can recollect no particular moment when it seemed new or strange to me. In looking back to those early years I see only the pleased and proud looks of my parents at any exhibition of our regard for each other, my boyish lover's bright face and gentle manners, and my own quiet satisfaction and gratitude for the beauty, love and peace that surrounded my life. And as the years went by and childhood merged into girlhood, it was still the same. The beauty of our home, the almost dreamy quietude of our daily life, the love, gentleness and refinement of my mother, the genial nature and indulgence of my father, made each day and hour one of serene enjoyment. And so one by one they passed until Arthur and I were married, on the fair October morning of the day when he attained his majority, and before we had ever been separated. For the village near which we lived was the seat of the college where he had just graduated, and he was now to study in the office of a lawyer, who had been his own father's early friend, in pursuance of that father's wishes, when on his death-bed he left

his boy of three years old to the care of my father.

I was an only child, and we did not leave home during the two years while Arthur was preparing for the practice of his profession. The same quiet happiness and content which had ever surrounded us there, remained. There scarcely seemed a change in it or us, since as children we sported through its rooms and grounds. The years had brought us much of life's best gift, peaceful contentment, but very little of the wisdom which perhaps is never brought to us. We must pass through the cloud and the sea to it.

Of course it could not always remain unchanged—this serene home-life. Arthur was admitted to practice, and we removed to a growing city in an adjoining state. It was not too soon for my desires, for a growing weariness of the monotony of my life was haunting me. I knew of nothing beyond it, but a listless distaste at some times—an anxious, almost rebellious craving for change at others, made me almost miserable. I had scarcely begun to feel this, before our removal, and the novelty of my position as mistress of our new home, the demands of the social circle to which we were introduced, quelled the restlessness, and filled my thoughts for months. But as I exhausted the variety and novelty of these relations, they again awakened—those vague, torturing dreams of something, more than all this weary round of cares and duties could ever bring me. I turned to music, books and art, becoming in each an amateur and critic. But as my horizon enlarged, as I grew to comprehend the height and depth and fulness of the life we may live, still stronger grew the tide of irresistible longings rushing over me—the craving for a deeper draught of its wine, a more earnest participation in its grand and rich experiences. I felt that I was as a straw being drifted idly on beside vessels freighted with the richest treasures.

I have said but little of my husband thus far. Perhaps it is that in looking back I see how little these things had to do with our mutual life. I do not remember that any feeling of the kind I have been describing ever intruded upon the hours we spent together. Those hours seemed like a part of the old, calm life at home. Arthur seemed very happy in our new home—I trust I was instrumental in making him so. It was my habit from childhood, taught me by my mother with my earliest prayers and lessons of obedience, to study his wishes, to prefer his comfort and

gratification to my own, and I loved to feel that he prized the skill, neatness and cheerfulness I strove to exercise. I hope I was never at that time forgetful of the duty I owed him as his wife, for I was fond and proud of him, with his full, white brow, his sincere eyes, his grave, yet tender smile. I revered him for his nobility of soul and life, his inflexible adherence to truth and justice. I thought then I loved him, but now I know that when I had been four years his wife, with no other fondness, pride or reverence than a sister may feel for a beloved and noble brother, I thought of Arthur Woodcourt, my husband. No thought of the possibility of this could then have crossed my mind—so full of pure and sweet content was our daily intercourse. Only when I was left alone, without the cares and duties which his presence brought, came back that wild unrest—that sense of a great blank page lying open before me, and an eager craving for something with which to fill it—a deep and solemn loneliness, without the strong desire for his return which would have explained it. Yet, when he came, I welcomed him truly, and the shadows for a time fled. His presence, and my life-long habit of thoughtfulness for his welfare, seemed to have a power to restore my old serenity and peace, and make me again the child he had known. No separate existence could be more different than this state, and the one I have before described.

And now I almost shrink from the task assigned, when this morning I resolved to write truthfully the history of those long past days. Not for my own sake, for there is no power in any of its memories to pain or thrill me now. But I fear I cannot faithfully record it, and a failure to do so would defeat my object in attempting it. Yet if to one, tempted and suffering, whose feet are treading dark paths set with thorns of sorrow—whose soul bows down to earth with the weight of conflicting passions—whose hands hold empty caskets, while the jewels they should contain shine far out of reach, I can bring a gleam of hope, a silent clasp of sympathy, I am more than repaid. For I know there is no path so gloomy or painful that a ray from Heaven's Eternal Light may not penetrate and cheer it—no strife so grievous that divine love and guidance may not aid us to be victors—no earthly jewel so bright that its loss may not be forever forgotten, if our eyes and hearts are but turned to behold and win the one Pearl of great price.

I will not linger over the record of those darkened days. A few words will suffice to

recall the chill and desolation which overspread my life—which so often seem to have buried from our sight forever the bloom and verdure of earth, while they are but as wintry snows, bringing protection and strength to a new revelation of beauty and joy.

"I will bring Mr. Walters home to tea with me this evening, with your permission," Arthur said, as he rose from the breakfast table. We had retained the habits of our country home, and dined at one and had tea at six each day since leaving it. "Mr. Walter, your new partner? Certainly, we ought to ask him at once," I replied. "I am quite curious, too, to see this man, who has so won upon your regards, that I hear of nothing but his virtues and attractions."

"He is a noble fellow—a sincere, earnest, manly nature"—Arthur began.

"Yes, yes, no doubt of it," I retorted, laughing—"but don't tell me of it so frequently, or I shall begin by fearing or hating him."

"You cannot do it. I defy you!"

"We shall see," I answered. "Seriously, though, I am very glad you like him so well. Your business relations will be the pleasanter for such a friendship. And I shall like him for your sake if not for his own."

At tea-time he came. Smaller in stature and plainer in feature than my husband, he yet possessed the graces of a pure and vigorous manhood, combined with an earnestness of manner which made him at once seem worthy of Arthur's encomiums. Their evident mutual regard placed us all at ease, and the evening was so pleasantly spent that we resolved it should be only the first of many of its kind, and he was soon our frequent guest.

Before the first year of their partnership expired, Arthur loved and trusted him to the full extent of that lavish devotion which one noble and true man sometimes bestows upon another. And he, with his unaffected purity of soul and nobility of character, his sincere aspirations after goodness and truth, and firm adherence to their dictates, was worthy of such a friendship. Scarcely alike in anything besides their allegiance to the same standard of action and innate rectitude, they thus became inseparable companions and devoted friends.

Unmarried, and by the division of their duties less occupied with business at the hours usually given to society than my husband, Henry Walters was often, by his request, my attendant to social gatherings, or my companion at our own fireside. He sometimes read to me while I worked, or we talked of books we had

read, of pictures we prized or admired, or of music and sculpture. In everything I soon learned to realize that there was a strength of purpose, a depth and intensity of motive in his life, which pervaded and purified it in every word and act.

With perfect unconsciousness of danger I yielded to the fulness of reverence and love I felt for this friend. His life, with its beauty and steadfastness, woke all the depths of my nature with what I thought to be emulation of his virtues. I resolved to strive earnestly to attain the best good in life—usefulness. I was aroused to new views, purposes and aspirations. And with all the strangeness and excitement of what I called zealous ambition to attain a stronger, nobler life, perhaps it was not strange that I did not analyze the passing emotions and detect the presence of some I had not recognized. That my love for Arthur was as strong and real as any I could feel, I had never thought of doubting. We both loved and prized our friend, both spoke his praises daily, and in no respect had our peaceful life changed since we had known him. And yet his influence had so filled those hours which had once been to me so full of vain wishes and unmeaning regrets and aspirations, that in them I thought only of him, while I thought I was regarding the truth and beauty he had taught me to recognize. I was watching, admiring, worshipping their effect upon his life, while I fancied I was striving to apply them to my own.

The awakening came as suddenly as the delusion had been slow and insidious. Mr. Walters came into my pleasant sitting-room one sunny morning quite unceremoniously.

"Excuse me—I have but a moment to spare," he said. "I am going away to stay some months, perhaps years, and must bid you good-bye."

"Going away? Where? Why? This is very sudden, is it not?" I asked, scarcely yet realizing what he had said.

"Last night, while Arthur was at home for the evening, I found that our business would require one of us to go to Europe. Of course it should be me. After it is concluded I think I shall remain and travel in Italy and Switzerland. I have friends in France, and may remain with them." He spoke hurriedly, and was very pale. "It is important that I go at once, in order to go by the first steamer," he said, as I tried to detain him for dinner. "My arrangements are all completed. I was sure, last night, that Arthur would agree that I

should go, and so got ready without troubling him with it until this morning."

There was time for only a few commonplace words and our hurried good-byes, and he was gone. After he left me I sat down by the window, looking out upon the sunshine and fragrance of the morning, but knowing no more of their presence than if the darkness of midnight had surrounded me. It is said that in drowning the whole life flashes upon the memory in one intense and vivid scene. Nothing is wanting of all that has made that life what it has been, and in one moment of time the soul reviews and passes judgment upon its own past. Such was the terrible and intense conviction which made me know the truth at that time. From that moment I could not doubt it, yet until then I had never had a thought upon the subject. I saw myself as a child, walking in the way assigned me, with no knowledge of my own powers or feelings. I saw the quiet, sisterly regard I had ever felt for Arthur, the child-like acquiescence in the plans and hopes of my parents. I saw with what a calm, free heart I had promised to "love, honor and obey"—a heart whose still depths lay too far and deep then to be ruffled even by those words. The revelation came like lightning, flashing into every recess of my heart, and showing me with a terrible mockery the source of the beauty and glory which had crowned these later days.

There followed days and weeks of dark temptations, of grief and humiliation, of the blackness of darkness, of despair, of wild, impious prayers for death, of the torture of insane and rebellious strivings against and questioning of Fate, shaking with their fearful alternations my whole soul and life. But at last, in all humility, I knelt and prayed for Divine forgiveness and strength to see and perform my future duties. From that hour slowly, painfully, but surely I struggled towards the light.

To-day, for the first time in twenty years, I have looked over the diary whose pages were my only confidant or earthly help in all that fearful struggle. If Arthur, if any of our numerous friends saw that I was changed, they doubtless ascribed it to illness, or some other of the many causes we assign for such changes in those around us. I believe, however, that after the first terror of the discovery was over, I was much the same outwardly as before. I naturally shrank from revealing deep emotions, and it is easier so to bear a trial which could be reached by no human sympathy

which had not borne the same. Arthur seemed sometimes to feel that there was some shadow upon my spirits, and looked at me with troubled eyes, or surrounded me with new evidences of his tenderness and sympathy; and oh, how I longed to fall at his feet and tell him all. But I could not bear to grieve him with the knowledge of the involuntary wrong I had done him, and so passed on alone, with only this old book to bear witness to the daily warfare raging within my soul. But the aid He giveth to all the tried and erring ones, who with dumb lips but agonizing hearts kneel to ask it—He who pitieth us even as a father pitieth his children—was ever mine.

"By a letter received from Henry to-day," Arthur said, as he came in to dinner one day, when Mr. Walters had been absent three months, "I find that he is returning to us. He has changed his intention of travelling, and will come home as soon as our business interests cease to require his presence in London."

My heart gave a great throb, and then seemed to stop its beating. But after a moment I answered calmly and truthfully, "I am very glad to hear it," for I knew that Arthur had missed his friend, and that I could endure all that could come. I was not self-deceived—there was no suspense—no deferred hope—nothing but calm endurance and prayerful fortitude.

And Henry Walters came back, and our life passed on as before. No one knew of the grave I had made in my heart, or how God gave me daily strength to plant the roses of faith and duty upon it, whose bloom should cover it forever. I do not think his absence would have aided me, though at first I wished it might continue, in my selfish fears. But I had only to look into my own heart to probe and purify its depths, and every pang would help to do this. My trouble could not be laid aside or forgotten—it must be lived through—solemnly and courageously, resolving to find a better good than I had craved, in the pursuit of duty. An earnest nature must "suffer and be strong," while Will sternly drives out all vain repinings and brooding griefs. And perhaps my greatest earthly aid came from the necessity of occupation—the interest and care for those around me which could not be laid aside. To one who is striving to overcome a great suffering these are of great value. And to one who does thus strive, no great calamity can come without ennobling and purifying the whole nature. There is some grand and sanctifying influence in a great sorrow which often

makes it the blessing of a life. The path grows softer and brighter, the burden weighs less heavily; until at last in the Everlasting Mansions we join the radiant company "made perfect through suffering."

I am very happy to-day, even while thinking those darkened days. I have given you only glimpses into the experience of the terrible, weary months of which this book is the record. I have passed very lightly over many pages which were dark and bitter with tears, and groans, and agony of prayer. But not one word written there has power to move me now. Only memory attests their truthfulness—only memory, of all her children, watches beside the grave of that buried sorrow. The passion and pride, the temptation and rebellion which were born of it, are sleeping beside it. And over all their graves the roses are blooming now, that I planted in faith and watered with tears, in the days when my heart refused to give them up, unbelieving that these flowers would one day hide them forever.

Our life has been blessed indeed, since I gave mine into His hands to do His will in meekness and fear. Very gratefully I say it, as I look upon my regal husband, and my two treasured daughters. My children were given to me when the darkness was gone, and the mother's tenderness dispelled the last lingering of its shadows. I feel how much of usefulness and nobility I may yet hope to achieve, and thank our Father for the blessings which crown my life, for the tenderness of the hand which led me through the trial which taught me not to live for myself alone. My husband and his friend have passed through life together, and their days are still beautified by unchanging trust and affection. With a grateful heart I think of the strength which came to me when weakness would have darkened all our ways. I see how mine was brightened by the peaceful light of theirs. It should not be hard, surrounded as I was by the richest gifts, to banish vain regrets and forget selfish repinings. With those noble, pure lives ever before me, it should have been easy to consecrate my life to that higher than any earthly love—the love of all beauty, goodness and truth, which, however brightly they may seem to shine here, are but faint glimmerings of the effulgence of that perfect day whose light is from the Eternal Throne.

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More than a year has passed since these first pages were written, and I have now one more to add. To-day Arthur and I watched

beside the death-bed of our friend, Henry Walters. Very calm and lovely was the setting of the sun whose whole course had been darkened by no visible cloud. In the last hour, when the shadows were fast gathering, he called us nearer and clasped a hand of each.

"Arthur," he said, "my friend and brother, you know what a joy our mutual love has been. But you do not know, how years ago I came near wrecking all our peace. It cannot pain you now—I loved Isabel—your wife—passionately, wildly. I did not think of danger till it was too late. Do you remember the night I resolved to go to Europe? When I thought of going, the truth came to me at once. I resolved never to return. But after the first struggle was over, I saw that it was weakness thus to fly from my duties, and came back to fulfil them, to be true to you and to myself. God helped me, and the dove of peace came back. You have been a brother and a sister to me, through a life which would have been sad and lonely otherwise. But oh, my friend, you did not dream of this!"

I sat pale with surprise, and silent. But Arthur's face was like that of an angel, as he bent over and kissed the dying man.

"Yes, Henry," he said, "I knew it then—my heart bled for you."

And I knew by that look that all the time he had read my heart also, and I was thankful.

A last sunbeam shone in upon us, lighting up each calm face, each silvered brow, and mingled with our grief was a solemn joy that though we had all passed through the flames, there was no smell of fire left upon our garments.

WORDS FOR A WEDDING.—Do not run much from home. One's own hearth is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like a rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always to please one another, but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. Consider what the word wife expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith: in her hand he must be able to entrust the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating-room. His honor and his home are under her safe keeping—his well-being in her hand. Think of this! And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XX.

All through the sleepless night that followed the last recorded interview between Justin Larobe and his wife, the former heard, at not remote intervals, movements in the room adjoining the one he occupied, which, to his excited imagination, had mysterious import. A door communicated with this room; but before retiring he had turned the key, which happened to be on his side of the lock. Two or three times he fancied that a hand was laid on this door, and an attempt made to open it; and on these occasions he would rise up in bed, and listen with that breathless concern which makes every heart-beat audible in the ears. It was a night full of strange terrors. Out of the darkness looked upon him a malign face. He saw it with shut or open eyes, just the same. Watching him from the covert of half closed lids, was a spirit cruel as death—athirst with an insatiate desire to work him evil. Well did he know the face!

Morning came at last, and with the first feeble intrusions of dull gray light, the haunting face withdrew. Rising, almost with the dawn, Mr. Larobe dressed himself, and went down stairs. His movements had been quite noiseless. No sound coming at this time from the adjoining chamber, occupied by his wife, he acted on the presumption that she was asleep, and moved silently in order not to disturb her. Half way down he stopped to listen. Had his ears deceived him?—or was that the rustle of a dress? He stood still, hearkening.

"A mere fancy," he said to himself, and kept on. Only a dim light penetrated the hall. One of the parlor doors stood half open. Pressing it back with his hand, Mr. Larobe entered, and was near a window, which he designed opening, when a sound in the room arrested his steps. Turning quickly, he tried to make out some object; but the light was insufficient. A moment afterwards, and his hand had thrown a shutter open, letting in the day. In the effort to conceal herself behind a column, stood Mrs. Larobe, with a face like marble—cold and changeless. She did not move, as the light came in.

"Jane!" The word dropped in sudden surprise from Mr. Larobe's lips. No response was made. Close against the column, which partly hid her person, the woman continued to stand, with her eyes fixed on Mr. Larobe—the

same eyes that all night long had haunted him.

"Jane; why are you here at this time?" Mr. Larobe came slowly down the room. He spoke with assumed severity. She did not answer, nor for an instant withdraw her eyes. Something in their expression chilled him. On coming nearer, he saw that she was dressed for going out; and that her bonnet and cloak were lying on a sofa.

"Jane; there is one thing you had best understand," said Mr. Larobe, speaking with impressive earnestness—not severely as just before—and in the tone of one who appealed to reason. "Unless we act in concert, all is lost. There must be no unconsidered step. A false movement, and we are at the end. It is too late now for retrograde action. Everything done, for good or ill, will abide. I pray you, therefore, to be circumspect. Trust in me a little longer. My mind is calmer than yours. Imminent danger does not unnerve me, as it unnerves you. The cool head, the alert will, the self-reliance that cannot be overthrown—in these lie our only hope."

"It is too late, sir!" she answered, in a dull, perverse way, as she moved from the column behind which she had been standing. "Not the cool head, but the fiery heart, now. This!"—half unsheathing a long dirk—"Not that!"—touching significantly her forehead. Mr. Larobe shuddered.

"Dead men," she added, "tell no tales. If you could have been made to understand the value of that saying years ago, our feet would have been on a rock."

Turning away, Mrs. Larobe went to the sofa on which her bonnet and shawl were lying, and catching them up in a resolute manner, commenced putting them on.

"Where are you going?" was demanded, in a tone of authority.

"To do my own will," replied Mrs. Larobe, with undisguised contempt, yet fiercely, as one who meant to have her way.

"I warned you last night, Jane!"

"You! Coward! A woman means to shame you!" The words were flung at him in bitter scorn.

She had fastened her cloak, and was now tying her bonnet strings. The stronger light that was coming in through the window, fell upon her face. Its cold impassiveness was gone. Flashes of insane fire shot from her eyes—cruel resolution dwelt on her firm lips. From an almost insensate image, she had become transformed to a fiend.

"There are some things more to be dreaded, Justin Larobe, than a conviction of murder," she said. "More fearful risks attend on his life than on his death. Place the seal of eternal silence on his lips, and you remove a witness whose testimony is destruction. The dead body of a poor lunatic is voiceless. Let him die, and his secret with him! As for after consequences, we can meet them as they come; the worst having been escaped."

She was moving towards the hall while she spoke, with a determined step, evidently intending to leave the house; but Mr. Larobe started forward, and gaining the door, stood directly in front of her.

"It must not be, Jane!" He spoke with stern resolution in his manner. "You are beside yourself!"

"Hinder me at your peril!" cried Mrs. Larobe, raising her hand quickly, and dashing it forward. The gleam of a dirk knife caught Mr. Larobe's eyes, and he leaped backward in time to avoid the blow which had been aimed at him. In the fright and irresolution that followed, Mrs. Larobe nearly succeeded in getting off; but, he recovered himself in time to grapple with her before she passed the vestibule door and wrest the instrument of murder from her hand. In the struggle, she lost all self-control, and filled the house with wild hysteric screams, arousing the servants and children, who came running down with frightened faces, half-dressed, or in their night-clothes. Their presence had the effect to allay, in a degree, the mad excitement of Mrs. Larobe.

"Go for Doctor Holbrook," said Mr. Larobe, speaking to one of the servants, "and say that I wish to see him immediately."

Mrs. Larobe did not object. Even in her blind passion, she saw that it would be safest to let the mystery of this scene find explanation in supposed mental derangement, in order to draw conjecture as far from the truth as possible. So, she permitted herself to be taken to her chamber. Into this apartment, Mr. Larobe did not suffer either the servants or children to intrude; but, shutting them on the outside, attempted to deal with the case alone.

Pale, panting, quivering in every nerve, Mrs. Larobe sat down, and lifting her wild eyes to the face of the man she had no legal or moral right to call her husband, demanded of him his purpose in ordering the attendance of their physician.

"You can see him or not, according to your own good pleasure," was his coldly spoken answer.

"I shall not see him," she replied.

"As you will. But, if I were in your place, I would feign sickness. I covered your wicked attempt on my life, by ordering the physician. He will be here, I doubt not, in less than twenty minutes. Some good reason must appear for the hurried summons. Invent one to suit yourself—but see him; that is my advice."

"What will you say to him?" demanded Mrs. Larobe.

"I have not come to a decision yet," was evasively answered. She looked at him with sharp suspicion.

"One thing, madam, is clear," said Mr. Larobe, speaking now with a stern severity of tone, "from what has occurred this morning, it is clear that you are not a safe person to be at large."

He paused to observe the effect of this declaration, made almost without thought. There was little apparent change in Mrs. Larobe. Almost the only noticeable response, was a repressed manner, as if she felt conscious of a superior force.

"Life is too precious a thing to be left unguarded." He paused again, but she did not answer.

"You have grown desperate, and would take the life that stands in your way. Knowing this, my duty is plain."

"What!" She threw out the word with a quick, yet half repressed impulse.

"I would be guilty before the law, if I did not limit your power to do harm."

A long shivering sigh was the only response.

There came a knock at the chamber door. Mr. Larobe crossed the room, and partly opening the door, received a letter which the hand of a servant passed in. His name was on the envelope. Opening it, he read—

"JUSTIN LAROBÉ, Esq.—SIR: Last night after eleven o'clock, the Mayor of the city, accompanied by Doctor Holland and a police officer, came to my house, and removed the old man. I give you the earliest possible notice of the fact. I'm afraid there is trouble in the wind. I hope you have not deceived me as to this person's identity.

"Yours, &c., BLACK."

"What is it? Who is it from?" Mrs. Larobe was questioning eagerly before the contents of the letter were half comprehended. Mr. Larobe, after twice reading the communi-

cation, handed it to his companion, and sitting down, covered his face. The long dreaded catastrophe was knocking at his door.

"Fool! Fool! Fool!" Mr. Larobe started from his shrinking posture. The word was sent into his ears in a mad, despairing cry, the voice rising with each repetition.

"For heaven's sake, Jane, keep down this excitement! All is not yet lost; but, all will be, unless complete self-possession is restored. As things are, so must we take them and deal with them. Suddenly we come into new peril. Shall we sit down, like frightened children, or dumb animals, and let destruction overwhelm us; or shall we look right and left, upwards and downwards, for a way of escape?"

"There is no escape," Mrs. Larobe answered, her face a dead blank.

"When the ship is sinking, who escape?" said the other. "Those who fold their arms in despair, or those who are on the look-out for means of safety? The courageous, the hopeful, the alert—they come out of danger, while the doubting perish. Jane, if there ever was a time when both you and I needed to be cool, self-possessed, and united in action, it is now. There is a magazine under us, and all the steps we take are on grains of powder that friction may ignite. Even caution may not save us; but, blind dashing about from side to side, and heedless stampings of the feet, can only make destruction sure. Sit down, and listen."

Mrs. Larobe sat down, and looked with a kind of passive incredulity at her companion, who went on—

"Jane, there is one thing to be remembered. Proof of identity in a case like this will be difficult. Almost everything will rest with Du Pontz; and his safety is involved as well as our own. The death and burial of Mr. Guy are things of record and public notoriety. This man will have the disability of supposed imposture to contend with from the start. Adam will deny and contest his claim from the very outset; for, if made good, it will dispossess him of twenty thousand dollars, and the interest on that sum for ten years. My standing in the community, and yours, also, will have weight. The case will present unpleasant and humiliating features; but, it cannot go against us, if we defend it bravely and with fair-fronted innocence."

Mrs. Larobe made no reply. In the pause that followed, came another rap on the door.

"What is wanted?" called Mr. Larobe.

"The Doctor has come."

"Very well. Say that I will be down in a moment."

The servant retired. Mr. Larobe stood a thought for some time.

"How do you purpose meeting the case, Jane?"

"I do not intend seeing the Doctor," was replied. "Make what excuse you please. Anything to suit yourself. I am indifferent. You can have me put in the insane hospital, if that please your fancy. Perhaps, as things now stand, this course would be prudent."

Mrs. Larobe spoke in a dead level tone. The perplexed lawyer looked at her searchingly, but tried in vain to read her state. Was the last suggestion made in irony, or from a latent conviction that there might be safety in this direction? As Mr. Larobe went slowly down stairs, he pondered this view of the case.

"Good morning, Doctor," he said, in an assumed cheerful voice, as he met the young physician. "You were rather hastily sent for, in a moment of needless fright. Mrs. Larobe was up rather earlier than usual—having had a sleepless night from neuralgia—and in going down stairs, slipped and fell. In her fright, she screamed out, and alarmed the family; and you were sent for in the confusion that ensued. Fortunately, no hurt was sustained. She is now sleeping, and it will be best not to disturb her."

"You think there was no injury?" The Doctor's suspicious eyes gave Mr. Larobe an uneasy sensation.

"None whatever," he returned, "beyond a slight bruise on the arm."

"Did the neuralgic pain continue?"

"No. The shock received in falling, dispersed the pain entirely. Sleep naturally followed relief. This is a new remedy, Doctor, not down in the books." And Mr. Larobe affected a humorous state of mind. "But one hardly safe in application."

"Hardly," answered the Doctor, but without responding to the smile Larobe had forced into his troubled countenance. "I will leave a prescription, the medicine to be taken when she awakes. There may have been an internal shock, the effect of which has not yet become apparent."

"Do so, if you please, Doctor. I will send for the medicine immediately, and see that she has it as soon as this sleep passes."

Doctor Holbrook wrote a prescription, and then went away. Something in his manner left an uneasy feeling with Mr. Larobe. He did not remember, until after the physician's

departure, that he was son-in-law to Doctor Holland. When this recollection came, it was as if water had fallen on his head and trickled coldly to his feet.

"How the path narrows!" he said, with a shiver, and sat down alone to think. But, he did not long remain alone. There was a foot-sound on the floor, and looking up, he met the cold, hard face of Mrs. Larobe—hard with the congelation of bad passions.

"Where is the Doctor?" She glanced around the room.

"Gone."

"Gone! What did you say to him?"

"That you were asleep."

"Ah! asleep? God knows if I shall ever sleep again! It were better to be dead, than to live in this terror. Asleep! Ha! ha! You are quick witted, Mr. Larobe—quick witted! Game to the last—ha! ha! That was handsomely done! Asleep, but somnambule! Don't look at me with such a scowl. I must laugh a little. And so we are rid of the Doctor. But, do you know who he is, Justin?"

"Yes."

"Doctor Holland's son-in-law?"

"Yes."

"The Devil's net has many meshes. I doubt if we get free, Justin. Reynard, with all his turnings and doublings is generally caught at last. This is a hard way to walk in—sore-footed and weary-limbed, I can go no farther. Long and long ago our feet departed from smooth and level roads, and ever since sharp stones have cut, steep hills wearied, and mly eloughs exhausted the strength. And now, as I look onward, I see stonier ways, and steeper hills, and blacker pools, down into which we must sink and be lost. Let us end all this, Justin."

Her voice sunk into a calm, persuasive tone.

"Let us put the baying hounds forever off of our track. What if, in the fierce struggle for all we hold dear in life, that is now coming upon us, we are victors? Will not even victory be defeat? What will be left worth living for? I can see nothing—nothing. Tarnished honor—shattered fortune, most likely—social ostracism. No—no—no! I am not now strong enough to meet all this. I want rest and peace—rest and peace, and where shall I find them but in—" She paused, looking earnestly at Mr. Larobe, reading the expression of his face. "The grave?" she added, speaking the words in a rising instead of a falling inflection.

Mrs. Larobe shut her lips tightly, and with

an erect position of her body, awaited an answer. It came in these words—

"While there is life there is hope, Jane. I have still manhood enough left for a strife with fate; and I will battle, bold-fronted, to the last. If you can stand up by my side, well; if not—"

The sentence was left unfinished, but his meaning was clear. A little while they stood opposite to each other, in a mutual effort to penetrate the veil that hid interior thoughts and purpose. Mrs. Larobe moved first. Slowly turning, but without remark, she went into the hall, and ascended to her room. Mr. Larobe did not follow her. It was impressed on his mind, that she would act in the line of her intimation; and he was not wrong. At the breakfast table they met again. She had the cold, stony look he had noticed earlier in the morning. The children observed her with strange, questioning eyes; and Blanche, the simple-minded girl, left her place two or three times during the meal, and putting an arm around her mother's neck, said plaintively—

"Don't look so, ma. It hurts me."

At dinner time they met again. The face of Mrs. Larobe was colder, stonier, and more unreadable. Neither was disposed to be communicative.

At early twilight they met again; but now it was as the dead and living meet. Another act in this life-tragedy is over, and as the curtain falls, you see the pulseless body of Mrs. Larobe, lying upon a sofa, in her own chamber, where it had been lying for an hour. As to the cause and manner of this death, we will not curiously inquire. Enough, that life's fitful fever was over, and that she slept her mortal sleep. Of the dreams that came in this sleep, we have no revelation; and so, the curtain that fell, as the act closed, must rise on other scenes.

CHAPTER XXI.

Two months have passed. Mr. Guy is still at the house of Doctor Holland, but the secret of his presence there has not transpired. The sudden death of Mrs. Larobe gave rise to many stories, some of them so near the truth, with all its strange and improbable features, that sensible people rejected them as the baldest kind of inventions.

Contrary to expectation, Mr. Guy did not rally from the mental torpor into which he fell after his prison door was opened and his fetters stricken off. The relaxed fibres of the over-

bent bow, did not contract and toughen again. A harmless, quiet, dreaming old man, he would sit for hours in his room, or with the family, not a thought seeming to stir the external surface of his mind. The book of his past life was shut, or the writing therein effaced. Memory was a blank. Sometimes, as the inner man looked out into the world of external things, and curiosity stirred as in a child, he would ask the name of some common thing, as a knife, a spoon or a chair, and repeat it over, trying to fix the answer in his thought. Observing him closely from day to day, Doctor Hofland saw that he was beginning to gather up a few shreds of knowledge, and that the possession of these was interesting him, and creating a hunger for further acquirements. Very, very slow was the progress; but still there was progress. This fact, when clearly seen by Doctor Hofland, determined his future course. He recognized a Providence in the series of events which had placed Mr. Guy in his hands, and so far as his agency for good towards the now helpless imbecile would go, it must be freely given. The secret of his identity rested with himself and the Mayor, and, for the present, would rest there.

Very closely had Doctor Hofland studied the character of Mr. Ewbank, and that of his wife. Soon after Mr. Guy came into his house, he had conceived the plan of giving him into the charge of his daughter and her husband; and with this in view, he had gone nearer to them, and made observation at all points. The more he saw, and the deeper he reflected, the stronger was his conviction that, with them, Mr. Guy would be in the best attainable condition. The question as to whether it were advisable or not, to let them into the grave secret of his personality, or leave it for time and circumstances to discover, was for a long time debated. He had them frequently at his house, where they saw Mr. Guy, and became much interested in him. The case presented many novel features to Mr. Ewbank, and he thought of, and talked of it with Doctor Hofland, a great deal. When, at last, the Doctor suggested his taking charge of the case, with a view to drawing forth the slumbering faculties and educating them anew, the proposition was not unfavorably received. Mrs. Ewbank had been interested in him from the first, and he had responded in a pleased way to her attentions. The pecuniary consideration, which Doctor Hofland felt justified in offering, was in itself so liberal, that taking the limited means of Mr. and Mrs.

Ewbank into consideration, it offered a motive not to be disregarded.

"I have heard, or read, of cases resembling this," said Mr. Ewbank, in talking over the subject with Doctor Hofland, "but always thought them exaggerated. Standing face to face with a mental phenomenon so very remarkable, I confess to being deeply interested. Memory is completely veiled. He is like one newly born, with the pages of his spirit yet unwritten upon, and like a child in the simple innocence of ignorance. He is not insane—nor idiotic—but with the undeveloped mind of a child. He must be taught and led. Have you found him always docile?"

"Always," replied the Doctor.

"And gradually gaining interest in things around him?"

"Gradually, but very slowly."

"What do medical books say in regard to these cases. Memory is suddenly restored, I think?"

"That is the usual result. Suddenly the veil is rent, and the past revived."

"Do you know the particulars of Mr. Elliot's former life?" (Elliot was the name by which Mr. Guy was called in Doctor Hofland's family, and he accepted it as a true name, just as he did that of a chair or a door.)

"Something of them. But, as I have intimated before, there are circumstances which make it necessary to let former things, so far as he is concerned, lie buried for the present. I can only say, that the righting of great wrongs depends on his being once more clothed and in his true mind; and that if you can aid in the work, you will have done what must prove to you a life-long satisfaction."

"I try to hold myself ready for all good work, Doctor; and, somehow, my heart goes forth towards this, with a living desire. When I spoke of his former life, it had more reference to his interior than to his exterior state. Was he a selfish, sordid, worldly man; or, generous and humane? Did he live only for himself; or, was others' good kept in his regard?"

"He was selfish, sordid, worldly—seeking no good but his own."

Mr. Ewbank looked disappointed.

"I had hoped that it was different," he said.

"He lived only for himself. Even natural feeling seemed dead in his heart," said the Doctor. "I could almost wish the past never restored, if with the restoration his former life returned. Ah! if he could, as an innocent child, under better auspices, grow up to reason—

ing manhood. If tender and holy affections could be so stored up in his forming mental states, that in a second manhood he might be saved by their influence. My fear, Mr. Ewbank, is, that when memory comes back, and old habits of feeling and thought revive, he will be the hard, selfish man of old. But He, without whom a sparrow falls not, holds him in the hollow of His hand; and I have faith in the good to come from the great suffering through which he has been led, and now given, as a passive child, into our care."

"Was he religious in early life?" asked Mr. Ewbank.

"No."

"Have you any knowledge of his childhood?"

"Very little. It was not a pleasant childhood, however. A few times I heard him make reference thereto, and it was, generally, coupled with a sneer at bigots and hypocrites. With these he classed the majority of religious people."

"One thing is plain," said Mr. Ewbank. "The first and greatest work is, to teach him that there is a God, who loves him and cares for him—a God who is ever present, though unseen, and watching over him for good. If this idea can be fixed among the first things that find entrance into his mind, so as to be woven in with all that follows, we may sow precious seed in the ground of this new childhood; seed that may bear fruit even in the old manhood, if it returns."

"Ah, sir! There is a great work here. If you are equal to the task, a human soul in imminent peril may be saved." Doctor Hoffman spoke with much feeling. "It looks as if in you, God had provided for the case of this man."

"I cannot say how that may be," answered Mr. Ewbank. "What seems right to be done, in the present, I hold it my duty to do—and it seems right that I should take charge of Mr. Elliot."

"You have talked it over with your wife?"

"Yes."

"How does she feel about it?"

"As I do. Something in Mr. Elliot has interested her from the beginning; and you have seen how like a pleased child he acts whenever she comes here. If she were to ask him to go home with her, I am sure he would answer yes."

"The way seems plain, Mr. Ewbank."

"It does."

"And you will walk therein?"

"Yes."

As Mr. Ewbank had supposed, the invitation extended to Mr. Elliot (as we will now call him) by his wife, was accepted with manifestations of delight. He was all eager for the visit, and entered the carriage that was to convey him to the house of his daughter without a shade of suspicion crossing his mind. Once there, under all the tender care and watchful solicitude with which he was regarded—springing in the case of Mrs. Ewbank from an impulse that she could not explain, and in the case of her husband, from high moral and religious principle—Mr. Elliot seemed to have no thought of going away. He remembered Doctor Hoffman and his family; but more as one remembers a vivid dream—to be dwelt upon, but not restored in actual experience.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank were not now in that poor dwelling where Doctor Hoffman found them on that cold winter evening when the child Esther called for him to go and visit little dying Theo. They had removed to a larger and pleasanter house, farther in the western portion of the city; the income of Mr. Ewbank from pupils, justifying the increased expense. Mr. Ewbank's health was steadily improving. From the time that Doctor Hoffman arrested the progress of a disease that seemed rapidly bearing him away, there had been a steady accumulation of vital power, and now he was strong for his work as well in body as in mind.

It was on the afternoon of a pleasant June day that Mr. Elliot found himself in the home of his new friends. For a little while, Esther and Jasper, the children of Mrs. Ewbank, were shy of the strange old man, who looked at them in such a curious way—"Just as a baby looks," Esther said. But they were soon drawn towards him, and mutual good feeling established. Before the afternoon had gone, they were so much interested in their visitor, and he in them, that, on a suggestion being made to Mr. Elliot about his returning home to Doctor Hoffman's, a joint demurrer was promptly entered.

"Why can't he stay here all night?" asked little Jasper.

"That might not be agreeable to Mr. Elliot," replied Mrs. Ewbank.

"Yes, it will be agreeable. Wont it, Mr. Elliot?" said the child.

"I like it best here," he answered.

"Oh, well, if that is so, we shall be happy to have you remain," said Mrs. Ewbank, in a pleasant voice.

And so it was settled that he should stay all night.

During the two months in which he remained with Doctor Hoffland, much time and care had been given by each member of the family to his peculiar mental needs, and pains had been taken to lead his mind as much as possible into that knowledge of things which had been so strangely lost. The names and use of most common articles by which he was surrounded, had been acquired, and he had not only learned his alphabet anew, but was beginning to unite letters into words. Thus, a fair commencement had been made. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank were not very liberally supplied with books and playthings; but, they had enough to afford interest and amusement to Mr. Elliot during the whole afternoon. He was attracted by pictures, and listened with all the pleased attention of a child to the explanations that were given by Esther. A box of building blocks afforded him an hour's employment; and when he had constructed, by their aid, some architectural form, he would gaze upon it with an expression of childish satisfaction not unmingled with wonder. Many times, during this first afternoon of his presence in the family of Mrs. Ewbank, did she pause in her work to look at him, and always with an irrepressible yearning in her heart. Something beyond his mere helplessness touched her. What it was she did not know, or even try to discover. It was, with her, one of those intruding mysteries of the soul, that lie out of the reach of thought or experience.

In the evening, when Jasper's bedtime came—he was five years old—he retired with his mother, and after being undressed, came back and knelt down by his father, to say his nightly prayer. With small hands laid together, face uplifted, and eyes shut softly, the child repeated, "Our Father." The look of surprise, shaded with reverence, that fell on the countenance of Mr. Elliot, did not escape Mr. Ewbank. As Jasper arose from his knees and went out with his mother, after giving to all around his good-night kiss, the old man dropped his eyes to the floor and sat like one lost in a dreaming reverie.

"What is it?" he asked, speaking in a hushed voice, and with an impression of mystery in his face, as he looked up at Mr. Ewbank.

"Jasper was saying his prayers."

But Mr. Elliot was not enlightened.

"He was praying to God," said Mr. Ewbank,

pointing upwards. "To God who made us all, and who loves us and takes care of us."

"Did he make me?"

"O yes. He made you and me, and every living soul. And he loves you and cares for you, just as he loves and cares for all his children."

"Is he my father? Jasper said, Our Father in Heaven. Where is Heaven?"

"Heaven is where God is, and where good angels dwell with him; and God is your father and my father, and the father of us all."

Mr. Elliot looked down at the floor again. These things were almost too much for him. They crowded his feebly acting thoughts. He did not speak for several minutes, and Mr. Ewbank waited for his mind to fix itself on some definite idea. At last he said, with a sigh that expressed a state of relief, after effort—

"My father, and he loves me?"

The voice trembled just a little—trembled with feeling. The heart of Mr. Ewbank felt a thrill of pleasure. Just what he desired had taken place.

"Yes, your father, and he loves you"—giving back the thought in slowly spoken, emphatic words, that it might become fixed and remain among the first and most distinct things of his newly forming life. "And to be loved by One who is as good as he is powerful, is to be in safety. Only, we must be obedient children. He says that we must be kind and good to one another, as he is kind and good to us."

"Does Esther pray, when she goes to bed?" Thought was still searching about among the new things which had come into his mind.

"O yes."

"Do you pray?"

"Yes."

A shadow came over the pale, exhausted countenance.

"I never pray." There was a touching sadness in Mr. Elliot's voice, mingled with self-condemnation.

"Never?" As if in surprise.

"No; I have never prayed. I didn't know about God. How do you know about him? Who told you?" There was a rising eagerness in Mr. Elliot's tones.

"We have God's book, the Bible. In that he tells us all about what we are to do in order to please Him."

"The Bible!" It seemed, from his manner, as if an old memory had awakened into life; but, if it had stirred, its sleep was not broken.

"Yes, the Bible." And Mr. Ewbank lifted

a copy of Sacred Scripture from the table near which he was sitting, and opening it, read aloud a portion of one of the chapters in Matthew—not selected with a view to Mr. Elliot's state, but simply as a portion of God's Word, trusting to Divine influence for the effect. It was a part of his faith, that, interior to the sense of the letter of Holy Writ, which comes to the natural understanding of man, was a divinely spiritual sense, by means of which God, who is the Word, is actually present to all who read or hear in states of innocence and true worship. And so, while not looking for this portion of Scripture to give distinct religious ideas to the mind of Mr. Elliot, he trusted to its interior influence—and not in vain. The disturbed condition in which he had been a little while before, subsided into a peaceful state; and he said, after Mr. Ewbank had finished reading—

"I'll pray, if you'll teach me."

When bedtime came, Mr. Ewbank went with the passive old man to his chamber, and there heard him repeat, as he gave him the sentences, that all-embracing prayer, which has gone up from millions of Christian lips since Christ said to his disciples—

"After this manner pray ye."

Earnestly, innocently, as one of God's little ones, did he offer this prayer, kneeling as he had seen Jasper kneel, with hands uplifted and shut eyes. And then, lying down in peace, he was asleep ere a minute had passed from the time his head was on the pillow. For a good while Mr. Ewbank remained looking on his wan and wasted face, now so tranquil. His wife came in, and stood by his side, her hands drawn through one of his arms and clasped together.

"I don't know what it means," said Mrs. Ewbank, in a whisper, "but, whenever I look at him, I feel tears coming into my eyes. It is the strangest case I've heard tell of. Everything lost! His name even; for I don't believe that Elliot is his true name."

"Perhaps not. All that concerns him, is shrouded in mystery." Mr. Ewbank moved back from the bed, as he spoke, and they retired from the chamber. "But one thing is clear to my mind, Lydia," he added, as they sat down in the adjoining room, "in God's Providence, he is in our hands, and we must do all for him that lies in our power. It is not probable that he will continue, for a very long time, in his present isolation from the past. As thought awakens, through the agency of instruction, it will break through the veil that

has dropped between his inner and outer life. This may be gradual, or it may be sudden. Whenever it takes place, our work is ended. Now, we have him as an ignorant and innocent child; and we must do for him what is best for a child. It seems to me, that God has, in us, provided for the storing up in his mind of the elements of a new and truer life, by which, when reason is restored, he may have power to rise out of the old selfishness and sordidness that I learn shadowed his manhood. This work is more entirely in your hands than it is in mine, for it is a mother's work—dealing with affection more than with thought. Dear wife!"—feeling trembled in his voice—"you are chosen of Him whose love reaches down to the condition of every human being, to care for this weak old man; to awaken kind, tender, loving, reverent impulses in his soul. To give him a new and better childhood. The seed now planted by your hands may grow and bring fruit in his restored manhood. The new knowledge of things which we may impart, will be of use only in the degree that they help in the formation of tender, unselfish, and pious states. If memory revives, he will come back into all the former things of his life. My hope is, that something of what we give him now, may so dwell with these things, as to form the base of a new column in the structure of his mind, the top of which shall reach far above the old building, and stand where the pure sunlight of heaven may rest upon it as a crown."

"I do not see in all things as you see," Mrs. Ewbank answered, leaning towards her husband, and looking up to him with loving confidence. "My eyes are not so clear. But, as you lead, dear husband, I will walk. The path of duty I have learned, after long discipline, to be the path in which peace is to be found. It is the safest way, I am sure."

"Rightly said," answered Mr. Ewbank, "for they who walk in it walk with God—and when he is near us evil is far distant."

"How shall I plant this seed of which you speak? How shall I awaken pure and good affections in his mind?"

"Love kindles love," replied Mr. Ewbank. "Show him, in all your conduct, that you love and care for him—that you desire to make him happy; this will draw his heart towards you, and give impressiveness to all you say and do. Then, into the love he will bear for you, cast seeds of reverence and love for God, as they are cast into the minds of children. These cannot perish. God will give increase, dear

wife! A strange work has been committed to our hands. Let us, in all faithfulness and humility, looking to God for help, see that nothing suffers through our lack of diligence. If we can save a soul, we shall do the work of angels."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kings and Queens of England.

JOHN.

John was the seventh king after the conquest, and was a great-grandson of William I. He was crowned May 26, 1199, at London. He was the youngest son of Henry II., and a brother of Richard; but he was not the rightful heir to the throne; the crown belonged to Arthur, the son of Geoffrey, an elder brother. In person he was neither beautiful, graceful, nor elegant; his appearance excited neither love nor respect; and all historians agree that he had few, if any good qualities, but that his character was a compound of all the vices that can degrade humanity. He was the worst king that England ever had.

The French provinces resolved to support the claims of Arthur; and Philip, king of France, who was urged by Constance to favor the cause of her son, raised a powerful army to assist in placing him on the throne of Normandy; but John persuaded Philip to conclude a peace, which was much more advantageous to himself than to Arthur. Three years after, Arthur married a daughter of Philip, who then made another attempt to obtain the crown for his son-in-law.

Queen Eleanor had always been an enemy to Arthur and his mother, and she being at the castle of Mirabel, Arthur besieged the place; but John marched to the relief of his mother, he defeated Arthur and made him a prisoner, and took the princess Eleanor of Bretagne, Arthur's sister, and sent her to England, where she was imprisoned in Bristol castle for forty years. Most of the nobility of Poitou and Anjou were taken prisoners in this battle, and twenty-two of them were starved to death in the castle of Corfe. Arthur was confined in the castle of Falaise, and John ordered one of his servants to murder him, but he positively refused to destroy his rightful king.

The governor of the castle was desirous to save the life of Arthur, and soon after sent away a ruffian, who had been hired by John to assassinate the prince, promising that he would put

him to death; but he concealed Arthur, and announced that he was dead. The English were much exasperated at the supposed murder, and the governor was obliged to inform them that he was alive. When John heard of it he had Arthur removed to Rouen, where he killed him with his own hands. This inhuman murder drew upon him the vengeance of his English subjects. All men were struck with horror at the deed, and he became the object of universal detestation; he was both dreaded and despised.

They made overtures to Philip to avenge the barbarity; he improved the favorable moment, seized on Normandy and all John's provinces on the continent, and added them to the crown of France in 1204, after they had been in the possession of the descendants of Rollo for three hundred and twenty years.

The troubles of John all originated from his own misconduct, and the foreign wars were succeeded by civil dissensions, which were productive of the most fatal effects, and involved him in a quarrel with the pope, who laid the kingdom under an interdict, and excommunicated the king; after which he absolved the people from their oath of allegiance.

To conciliate the pope, John was obliged to resign his crown to him, and took a solemn oath to serve him faithfully; but the pope soon after pardoned the king and restored his crown; the kingdom also was relieved from the interdict, by which the people had suffered so much for six years, during which time the churches had all been closed, and Divine service and all the rites of the church suspended, except baptism to infants; though it had no effect on the king, the influence on the minds of the people was truly distressing.

England, by the Norman conquest, had become a feudal military kingdom; the despotic power of the crown was planted on the ruins of Saxon liberty, and the people were vassals to the king and the barons. The voice of the people had long been smothered under this oppression, and the barons had often complained of the cruelty of the crown; now all parties agreed to commence an attack on the crown, and bring this weak king to terms. The time was extremely favorable, as John was hated and despised by the whole nation.

The barons became bold by these propitious circumstances, and presented a petition to the king, demanding in the most respectful language, but in plain and express terms, the reestablishment of the Anglo Saxon laws. John was alarmed at the demand, and had no

intention of granting the petition, but dared not openly reject it; and desired them to wait till Easter. The barons were convinced that their demands could be obtained only by force, and chose Robert Fitz-Walter for their general. When John saw their warlike preparations he soon yielded, and informed the barons he would grant all they required, but did it with great reluctance.

The charter contained sixty-three articles, and was signed at Runemede, June 19, 1215, by the king and by all the lords, both spiritual and temporal, and confirmed by the king's solemn oath. This was the famous Magna Charta, and is considered as the foundation of English liberty, and continues in force to this day. This charter was extorted from John; he made the concessions from fear, and he resolved to free himself of its restraints, and declared he would not be governed by it. This produced a second civil war, and the barons called the king of France to their assistance. John had assembled a considerable army of foreign soldiers, and he displayed, with unfeeling barbarity, the direful effects of his vengeance; the kingdom was laid waste, and the people were in a most deplorable condition. The pope was on the king's side, but his spiritual thunders could only inspire imaginary terrors, while the temporal arms of the king produced dreadful realities; all England was one scene of desolation and distress.

John kept now continually in motion, carefully avoiding a battle, as he could place little confidence in his troops. In one of his marches he was overtaken by the tide at Cross Keys Wash, and all his carriages, provisions, treasure and baggage of every sort were lost, and he escaped with the greatest difficulty to Newark. Grief, fatigue and anxiety threw him into a fever. He made his will, and appointed his son, Henry, then ten years old, his successor, and died October 18, 1216, being fifty years of age. He reigned nearly eighteen years. He left two sons, Henry and Richard, and three daughters. But one good act is recorded of him, and that he wished to abolish. He had few redeeming qualities.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick-sighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we remember words, or even looks of unkindness, which may have escaped us in our intercourse with them!

Kindness Towards Animals.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

Little things indicate character.

Walking out the other day beyond the limits of the village, I came to a nice looking farmhouse. I will stop and rest a little, I said to myself, and get a draught of water, "sparkling with coolness," from that well in the yard; so I opened the gate and went in.

A large, well-kept looking dog lay, sentinel-like, on the front door-stone. I shrank at first; but as he looked at me with an eye a little curious, but kindly, I addressed him by an imaginary name, at which he came down from his perch, wagging me a welcome, and trotted along patronizingly by my side without a bark or a growl, showing himself not only well fed but well bred, quite different from the dogs at a house I had passed a little while before, where "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart," all ran out and barked furiously at me.

As I passed around, I saw pots of flowers sitting in the porch. Things promise well, here, I said to myself—though cultivation of flowers is not to be taken as implying evidence of refinement of taste. It often results from imitation as well as an innate love of the beautiful, as with fine clothes, fine houses, fine pictures, and fine furniture, people have them because their neighbors have them.

You have seen a child sitting on the floor, muttering over a piece of paper or a book, in imitation of his father, who is enjoying a literary feast, reading some favorite author. He does not know but that he has the same enjoyment from his book or paper as his father from his. So these imitators do not know but their birds and flowers, and the objects of beauty they have gathered around them, afford them as fine and exquisite a pleasure as is derived from them by those of cultivated tastes.

Rapping at the door, a neat and pleasant looking lady presented herself, who, I saw at once, was the mistress of the house. She invited me to step in, and I did so, taking the nicely stuffed chair she proffered me. Though not approving of stuffed chairs on general principles, I found this very comfortable. I made myself known, and then fell into conversation with the lady upon the weather, the appearance of the neighborhood, &c.

Glancing around, I saw behind the stove a couple of chairs, each chair having a cushion in it, and on each cushion a sleek, plump cat, looking so placid, and so enjoying the sense of existence with their heads resting on their

velvety paws, that it soothed me to look at them. My mind referred back to the well-kept looking dog I had seen, and I glanced involuntarily at the mistress of these comfortable animals, to see if her bump of benevolence was not well developed. It was. Then a sound of music came to me—not an instrument—but bird music, poured forth from melodious throats.

Raising my eyes, there before and above me, hung two capacious bird cages, and in each, on their perches, two glossy plumaged canaries, singing thus their thanks to their mistress, as well as to their Maker, for the happiness they enjoyed. The cage was clean and well supplied with bird luxuries, and though I always feel a sense of pain at seeing a bird in bondage, even though it is made tolerable by kind care and attention, these birds seemed happy. The woman was not aware that by all these things I was gauging her character. She had acted from the impulses of a kindly nature, making the dumb creatures dependent on her comfortable; but I had seen contrasting cases—dogs and cats meagre looking, skulking in momentary expectation of a blow. Dirty, close cages crowded with ragged plumaged canaries, too depressed to pipe a note. How I have longed to open the cage door and set these miserable prisoners free. There is a doctrine that all the animals one abuses in this life, will have a chance to retaliate in another.

If this be true, what torments must be endured by some owners of cats, dogs and horses. What lashings and starvings, what kicks and cuffs, and pinchings with cold and hunger, are in store for them.

Beyond.

BY FANNY TRUE.

There our robes shall stainless be,
There, a perfect purity,
Undeiled by sin.
Never more a bitter tear,
Never a disturbing fear,
Break the peace within.

We who walk this earthly shore,
Ever seeking what's before,
Shall the world's renown,
Be a dearer prize to gain,
After all this strife and pain,
Than a heavenly crown?

Shall we not each fleeting day
Upward some sweet treasure lay,
Safe from earthly blight?
He who sees a sparrow's fall,
Marks the act, however small,
If the heart be right!

Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was the midsummer of seventeen hundred and ninety-nine; that summer, so fraught with dread and disaster to the peaceful towns clustered along the Connecticut shore.

Early in July, Sir Henry Clinton had appointed Governor Tryon to the command of a marauding expedition along the seaboard of Connecticut, with the object of drawing Washington from his mountain fastnesses on the Hudson; and this expedition was conducted in such a spirit of wanton brutality, and disgraced with the perpetration of such atrocities on the part of Tryon and his soldiers, that their very names were execrated throughout the land.

New Haven had been captured and its public stores destroyed, while the pleasant town of Fairfield had been laid desolate, and its inhabitants had seen their homes making the midnight a sheet of flame. Norwalk had been invaded, and much of it laid in ashes; and the inhabitants of New London now awaited in trembling anxiety the descent of the expedition on their shores.

The homeless inhabitants of the desolated towns wandered along the seaboard, and told the fearful story of their homes ravaged and laid in ashes by the fierce and brutal soldiery, of plunder and rapine and devastation, arousing the people everywhere into fierce indignation at their wrongs. And the robins sang sweetly in the summer mornings, and the golden banners of sunshine waved over the fields which grew ripe for the harvest, while over the land hung that awful shadow of terror and waiting.*

And in one of these days on which our story has fallen, a still, sultry afternoon of midsummer, Lucy Trueman came down stairs with the spy-glass in her hand.

"Have you been up to the top of the house, Lucy?" asked her mother, coming out from the bed-room in a black satin skirt and white linen "shortgown," after the fashion of matrons of that time.

* In one of these marauds a great, great aunt of the writer having fled for safety to the woods, had a quantity of linen cut from the loom, and gashed through and through for mere wantonness, by the swords of the soldiers, while one of her neighbors—a deaf old gentleman—failing to answer some questions which he did not understand, had his tongue cut out.

"Yes; but there isn't any sign of a fleet on the Sound, only a few schooners and fishing smacks, and two or three merchant vessels."

"I hope the Lord will send a wind that'll scatter the ships of our enemies as he scattered the hosts of Pharaoh, if they ever show themselves off our coast," said Mrs. Trueman, slipping a skein of yarn around the back of one chair, and bestowing her plethoric self in another.

As for Lucy, she looked as though climbing to the top of the house had over-exerted her, for the roses blazed wide in her fair cheeks, and she sat down by the window and fanned herself vigorously with a large fan of turkey feathers, which lay on the table.

"I've sent by John Hemingway for Cousin Tabitha and the children to come over here, and put up until they can find a better home," continued Mrs. Trueman. "To think of her husband's bein' sick off in camp, and she and the three little ones havin' the house burnt over their heads!"

"It's enough to make one's blood boil," said Lucy, using her fan with greater energy, while the damask roses flamed broader for indignation in her cheeks.

"And to think of her goin' down on her knees to the British officer who ordered the house to be fired, and beggin' him to spare it because she was a lone, helpless woman, with three little children."

"And didn't that soften him, mother?"

"Soften him, child! he swore fiercely at her, and said he was glad of any chance to burn the spawn of a Yankee out of house and home, and gave her only half an hour to get the children and what little clothing they could carry out of the house."

Lucy shuddered with a mingling of pity and horror at this story.

"We shall know what to expect when the British fleet comes."

"Yes, they wont be likely to show much quarter. And there's Nathaniel! he'll be sartin to march off with the front of the militia, and no holdin' him back."

"I don't believe you'd try to, mother, in that case. Why, woman as I am, I believe I'd take grandpa's musket and start off myself," and the pretty face fired up until the roses were all lost in a general glow.

Mrs. Trueman was a very courageous woman, but her mother-heart made her a coward in all which concerned the safety of her boy. She sighed, and the ball in her hands expanded rapidly, fed by the small tributary of

yarn which flowed from the chair to Mrs. Trueman's fingers.

"Mother," said Lucy, suddenly breaking the silence, "seems to me you're fixed up!"

"Wall, I thought I'd take my knittin' and run over to Miss Palmer's, and have a talk with her. In these dark times neighbors can kinder chirk one another up. Hadn't you better lock the house up and come too, Lucy?"

Lucy meditated a moment and then shook her head.

"I promised Nathaniel I'd go with him, when he got through haying, to shake the black-heart cherry tree."

The ball was completed now. Mrs. Trueman rose up, took a black ribbon from her neck, to which was suspended a bunch of keys, and laid them on the table by her daughter.

"I'll leave 'em in your charge," said the thoughtful housekeeper. "You may have some use for 'em afore I get back."

The sight of those keys must have supplied some subtle link of association in Lucy's mind, although she was probably unconscious of this, as she said, suddenly—

"Mother, I didn't like the looks of those two men who were here to tea night before last. The more I think of it the more I'm convinced they were British sailors from the squadron that's anchored off Long Island, and their lurking around here could have been for no good purpose."

"Likely enough they were spies," answered her mother. "I didn't think anything about it at the time, for I was busy talking with old Squire Peckham, that I haven't seen for well nigh upon twenty years, and he was a friend of my father's."

"Well, you didn't talk for his benefit alone; for the door was open, and while you were telling the Squire about the silver set uncle sent me, I happened to come into the dining-room; and the men sat at the table, their heads bent forward, drinking in greedily every word you said; and there was an expression on both faces which I cannot describe, but it was made up of cunning and malice; an expression so evil, that no honest man's face could ever wear it. Somehow it makes me shudder whenever I think of it."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Trueman, tying her bonnet. "One has to keep eyes and ears open such times as this!" with which comprehensive remark she proceeded to walk out of the front door.

She had not, however, progressed far beyond the gate before she returned, saying—

"Lucy, if you feel kind o' skeerish about bein' left here all alone, jest say the word and I'll stay at home."

"Not the least bit, mother. Nobody's goin' to run the risk of comin' round here in broad daylight; and I shant have anything worse to fear than my own shadow."

And thus reassured, Mrs. Trueman started off the second time, and Lucy went into her mother's room and arranged her hair before the small mahogany framed mirror, and smiled softly to herself at the pretty reflection there, and then sighed; for a thought which came after and went far away—a thought which carried on its wings the tenderness, the self-sacrifice, the long endurance of a true woman's heart.

The last two years had wrought a subtle change in Lucy Trueman. She was still bright, amusing, impulsive, full of pretty, sudden speech and ways; but something of her merry, careless girlhood had gone, and it was supplanted by a new dignity and refinement of manner.

She had not "sunk her life in the life of another"—her heart had not carried its burden of hope, and fear, and anxiety for two years, without strengthening and developing her character; and standing before the mirror humming fragments of old psalms, or some merry tune breaking in a sudden sparkle of song out of her red lips, and flashing its spray of melody into the silence, Lucy Trueman looked, and yet was not quite the same Lucy Trueman she had been two years before.

The rest of the dressing was a very simple matter, and when she came out of the bedroom in her light gingham dress, with her round bare arms, she made a prettier picture than one often sees. She had just taken from the upper bureau drawer a breast-knot of blue ribbon, when a slight sound struck her—like the cracking of old boards when stealthy feet move across them.

It came from the back hall of the old tavern, and was precisely that sound which at midnight, or in any lonely place, thrills one's nerves with a sudden mysterious fear. But it was broad daylight now; and Lucy smiled to herself when she found her heart was beating faster. But there came the sound again, and this time it was louder and nearer—there was no mistaking it now. Some instinct of self-defence made her glance towards the table on which lay her brother's pocket-knife, but she was too late; the door was burst swiftly, although noiselessly open, and there stood before Lucy

Trueman's horrified eyes, the men who had taken supper at the tavern two days before, and who had haunted her ever since with a vague dread.

The men seemed for the moment dismayed at the sight of the girl; their object was plunder, and not harm to any inmates of the tavern, although their physiognomies showed them to be desperate men, who would not hesitate at any deed of violence or wrong if it interfered with the consummation of their plans.

Lucy stood nailed to the floor, but a shriek from her white lips curdled the sweet air with its horror. The men recovered from their first alarm before it was silenced. They were tolerably certain she was alone in the house, and everything with them depended upon dispatch. They threw off all disguises at once. The ruffians advanced towards her, and one pointed his musket while the other seized her roughly about the waist.

"You are a dead girl," said the latter, with a horrible oath, "if you screech again"—and then he pushed her down, half frozen as she was with fear, into a chair.

"We haven't any time to waste on words," said both the men. "What we do must be done quick. Your life is in our hands, and if you want to save it you'll do what we demand and get rid of us."

"What is it you want of me?" staring with a shudder from one dark face to another.

They were both heavy, muscular men, in whose features all brutal passions, all base and evil tendencies had set their signs.

"We come here to get that set of silver that's somewhere in this house, and we'll have it afore we leave it, and you've got to tell us where it is, or you'll never live to tell anything again," and then came another oath, which both men repeated.

"And if I'll tell you will you promise not to harm me?" supplicated the trembling creature.

"We don't want to hurt you, but the silver—we'll have that, or you'll be worse off."

Lucy pointed to the cluster of keys on the table; and with her limbs shaking as her voice did, made answer, for she was young and life was sweet—

"The smallest key there will unlock the white chest in one corner of the room overhead, and in the chest you'll find the hair-cloth trunk that holds the silver."

Lucy remembered that the men held a short consultation together, about the best method of disposing of her while they went up stairs in search of the silver; one of the two insist-

ing that she would be sure to make off if they left her alone. It ended by one of the robbers taking a strong leathern strap from his pocket and confining her to the chair.

After this she could remember very little. She sat in the chair with all her faculties benumbed with terror, for what seemed to her, as she afterwards recalled it through slow hours, although it was subsequently proven that the time of the men's absence could not have exceeded five minutes. On the men's return another brief consultation passed betwixt them, of which she was the object.

"We'd better take all the game we can find," said one of the ruffians. "The jade'll set up such a yellin' as soon as we are gone that she'll be sure to get somebody foul of our track. We'd better carry her off too."

And the other villain swore with an oath that he was ready, and they hastily unopinioned the half-conscious girl. She remembered saying to them, as one in a dream, that they had promised to leave her, and both the wretches laughed out brutally, and said that his majesty's soldiers never felt themselves bound by oaths to Yankees and rebels, and afterwards she could remember no more,—no more until she found herself on the road which led from her house to the sea shore. Old mill tavern stood quite by itself, on the old turnpike road, which was now little travelled, about a mile from the Sound.

The air must have revived the girl, for her captors had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile when she opened her eyes, and found herself being dragged hastily along the sandy road. The men had not even paused to gag her, feeling that they were on dangerous ground, and no doubt trusting that she would not regain her consciousness until she was beyond the reach of help. But as she opened her eyes the whole awful truth flashed swiftly across the thoughts of Lucy Trueman; and her face being turned to the right, for one of the captor's arms was around her waist; she caught sight of Nathaniel in a distant field raking the hay together in the pleasant afternoon sunshine.

"Nathaniel!" It was a shriek of imploring terror, such as a woman might make in her last need, and it curdled the still air, and sent its wild horror among the echoes of the distant rocks, and they cried in affright to each other.

"Shoot the jade, quick," cried one of the alarmed captors.

"Somebody'll hear the report," answered

the other, and he clapped his heavy hand on her mouth.

But the wild horror working in her brain and heart gave, for the moment to Lucy Trueman, the strength of more than two men. She dashed aside the heavy hand of one, the arms of the other—

"Nathaniel!"

The wild shriek thrilled the echoes with its agony once more. But he is far off and he does not hear; his back is turned, and he works on in the joyful summer sunshine. She writhes herself once more from the strong arms—

"Nathaniel!"

Oh, summer winds, rise up into mighty trumpets, and bear across the meadows to his ears that cry, for it is his sister's last—the strong arms triumph now; they grasp the girl, they gag her; Lucy Trueman knows no more.

But Nathaniel suddenly starts, and stands erect, and listens. A far-off cry of distress reaches him; the rake falls from his hands; he turns, and looks off to the east, whence the sound seemed to come. A moment more, and a bend in the road would have hidden all from his view; but that moment saves it; he sees the close of the short struggle betwixt his sister and her captors; his face grows white as hers; his great, brown eyes blaze fire; in one moment, he comprehends it all.

Nathaniel Trueman had been out hunting that morning, and his gun lay under a tree, close at hand. He seized this, and bent his slight lithe limbs towards the sea-shore; for he divined at once that the men would make for this. Nathaniel was fleet-footed as an Indian; but the race was now to save his sister; and oh! how he prayed that God would lend new speed to his feet, as he panted across the hills; and he did not hear his loud heart, and it seemed to him that he moved like a snail.

The road which Nathaniel took, led across the hills, through a district of woods, to the rocks by the sea. The men had hurried rapidly along with their burden; but, of course, the unconscious weight somewhat retarded their speed, and Nathaniel Trueman came out from the woods upon the low, gray rocks, just as the men came out from the turnpike on the sandy road which led from the sea-shore. The youth's heart sickened, for a moment, as he saw the delicate form of his sister in their grasp. He raised his musket, and then lowered it again. If he took aim at those men, it would be almost certain death to his sister.

For a moment, the youth deliberated. Better die himself; better, far better, see his fair young sister lie dead at his feet, than be borne off by such fiends as those who now held her.

"God help me!" said Nathaniel Trueman. And he did not say it with a feeling of vague helplessness and weakness, which all men have in some great crisis of need and terror. "God help me!" said Nathaniel Trueman, feeling that He was a present God, strong to save, in any moment of human limitation and need.

Then he lifted his musket, and took deliberate aim, and his voice rang clear and incisive over the cliffs, and reached the men, that were hurrying their burden to the sand—

"Move another step with that girl, and I'll shoot you dead on the spot!"

A villain is usually a coward when suddenly surprised. The ruffians knew they were in an enemy's country, and that they ran great risks of discovery, and the attitude of Nathaniel, as he stood on the edge of the gray cliff, the slight, graceful form, cut out like a statue against the rocks, in its stern defiance, had something about it which appalled the men whom he addressed.

They stood still, and took hurried counsel with each other. They had muskets, and could fire, too; but there was a house on the left, (they did not know it was an unoccupied one) and the sound of a gun might precipitate discovery. Moreover, Nathaniel had the advantage of time; his gun was levelled, and he would probably fire before they could take aim.

Their boat still lay some distance off, and if they could make their escape with their booty, it was hardly worth while to run such imminent risks of discovery for the sake of the girl. All this flashed through their minds in less than a quarter of a minute, and they read it in each other's faces.

Still, they had one advantage over Nathaniel. It was for the sake of his sister, that he did not fire. The men saw this, and standing still, and placing before them the unconscious girl, they cried out—

"If we leave her here, will you pledge your honor not to fire?"

"I pledge it." The voice of Nathaniel, coming clear over the cliff, was its own witness of veracity.

And the men believed it. They laid poor Lucy Trueman down on the ground, where the heavy wagon wheels had made deep ruts in

the hard soil; but with a brutality which it sickens us to think of, one of the men, standing in such a manner that Nathaniel from that distance was unable to see his rapid movement, tore down through the small ears of Lucy Trueman the antique jewels which blazed there,* and then started for the shore, having plundered her of every gift which, four years before, her uncle had taken so much pride and pains in bringing her from Europe.

Nathaniel had lowered his gun, but he watched the men breathlessly, ready to raise it any moment, for there was a strong possibility that they might alter their minds, and turn suddenly, and fire on him. But the risks probably seemed too great; they made rapidly for their boat, and were soon concealed by the distant rocks.

Nathaniel lost no time in hurrying to his sister; but as he reached her, and saw her fair white face lying as dead faces lie, on the hard ground, with the blood dripping from the deep gashes in the mutilated ears, where the carbuncles had lately flashed their royal radiance, a cold terror came over him, and his knees smote under him, so he could not stand.

"Lucy, pretty sister," said the youth, bursting into tears. And, falling down by her side, he stroked the face which he had not strength to raise from its rough pillow.

For awhile, the fear that she might have died of fright, fairly suffocated Nathaniel Trueman; but at last, with a great shudder, Lucy opened her eyes, and glared at him.

"Lucy, you know who I am; don't be frightened any more; you're all safe," said the familiar, soothing voice of Nathaniel.

Her face struggled with perplexity and terror a moment; then the whole truth flashed over her. She stared on all sides, shaking with horror. Nathaniel lifted her head, and laid it on his shoulder, with words like a mother's to her frightened infant—

"They're all gone, Lucy, dear; you've not a thing more to fear. I heard you when you called me, out there in the fields, and the Lord gave me speed and strength to save you."

Poor Lucy! The storm broke then, in sobs and shudders; in wild clinging to her brother, and in spasms of terror, that every little while went over her, and that Nathaniel could not soothe.

But she was quieted at last, and then she put her hand to her ears, and asked—

* This outrage was actually committed by a British soldier on a lady during the war.

"What have they done to my head? it aches so."

"The brutes must have torn out your earrings. My poor sister! I should not know you."

It was pitiful, the way she sat there, and looked him in the face—bright, pretty Lucy Trueman, with the slow tears oozing down her cheeks. The shock she had undergone came well nigh depriving her of reason.

But at last, Nathaniel succeeded in arousing her, and in partly carrying and partly leading her home. They were not more than a mile from this; but Lucy was haunted by a continual dread that the men would return and snatch her away from Nathaniel; and they were such desperate villains, and the road was so lonely a one, that the young captain was not wholly without solicitude, and kept watch on all sides, although he was careful to conceal his fears from his sister.

He drew out of her by degrees a recital of all the circumstances of the robbers' visit, and dispatched a small boy, who was the first individual they met before he reached the tavern, for his mother and Mrs. Palmer.

The story which the frightened child carried to the Deacon's of Lucy's appearance, brought back the two ladies and Grace in an incredibly short space of time, when they found Lucy in Nathaniel's arms, and he was rocking her back and forth in his mother's arm-chair.

It did not take the young man long to relate to the horrified women all which had happened during Mrs. Trueman's absence. Lucy was too exhausted to say much; but the old, familiar, pitying faces and voices, went far in quieting and restoring her. But she did not leave her room for nearly two weeks after her narrow escape, and her nervous system underwent a shock at that time, whose effects she felt to her dying day.

CHAPTER XX.

There was joy in the homestead of the Palmer's in those blazing midsummer days, for Robert had come home, after an absence of two years. Not as he went, came back Robert Palmer. The young soldier had been promoted to a lieutenancy, and those two years had wrought great changes in him. "All for the better," his family thought; especially his mother, who could hardly believe the tall, muscular, sun-browned soldier, was the boy that two summers before had started off, full of military enthusiasm and dreams of glory, to join the army of Gates, on the Hudson.

Robert had had experience to cool that first enthusiasm, as what soldier of the Revolution did not? But it had condensed into that sturdy patriotism which made the yeomanry of New England the "back-bone of the war."

Robert Palmer was a frank, generous, outspoken character. It was not of the fine quality; but it was of that sturdy, muscular kind, which laid the foundation of New England's prosperity, in the days of our fathers.

He had a keen relish for a joke, and was one of those sparkling, good-humored characters, that are a favorite with everybody.

His coming quite revolutionized the quiet life at the Deacon's, with his stories of feats of daring—of bravery—of all kinds of hazard and suffering, which gives to camp life its tragical interest, and flashed strange, brilliant colors, among the neutral tints of the household.

"Things have reached a terrible pass," laughed Grace, on the fourth morning of her brother's return. "You've broken into all our time-honored habits and traditions, for which I hold you responsible. I haven't spun a knot, or sewed a stitch, or churned a quart of milk, since your return, and sit up from early morning until late night, with wide eyes and mouth, drinking in your stories, until my conscience begins to accuse me of idleness, which, you know, opens the door to all other sins. Aren't you almost through with your stories?" throwing herself down on the settle by his side, where he was paring an early apple, which Benny had just brought him, as an especial testimonial of his awe and admiration of his soldier-brother.

"Oh, worthy descendant of a deacon, I've only just begun."

"Mother, do you hear *that*?" said Grace to her mother, who was cutting off the tops of some young beets. "You haven't set me much of an example of industry since Robert came."

"Well, I'm goin' to try to bestir myself to-day," said Mrs. Palmer, in a tone which bore witness to some small compunction and doubt. "But somehow, it seems to take all my time to listen to Robert's stories, and get up somethin' that'll be a relish for him."

"That's right, mother; I expected you'd kill the fatted calf, and provide a continual feast to celebrate the return of your eldest son. Oh, the times that my stomach has hungered for a slice of your apple-pie, and my mouth watered, over my salt pork and hard bread, for a big doughnut and a hunk of cheese, such as I

used to carry to the old brown school-house, to eat at recess."

"You dear boy!" said Grace, leaning forwards, and stroking the young soldier's hair; and her face said a great deal more.

"You dear girl," said Robert, with an answering smile, cutting a quadrant of the apple into her hand.

"I think," said Mrs. Palmer, "that I'll venture on having a couple of briled chickens for dinner; the largest on 'em's got big enough to cook."

"Briled chickens!" exclaimed her eldest son—"blessed sound to a soldier's ears! Mother, command me to wring their necks."

"He may have my speckled brown hen; that's grown real big in a week," interposed Benny. And this offer was the largest sacrifice to the shrine of military glory which it was in his power to make.

But Mrs. Palmer would not assent to the decapitation of Benny's gray-speckled chicken, and a couple of others were substituted in its stead.

"What are you going to do with yourself to-day, Robert?" asked Grace, as the young soldier came in from the barn-yard with the chickens, whose life he had just violently dispatched.

"I shall take myself off, after you and mother have picked the chickens, for I promised Nathaniel Trueman I'd take a row with him beyond the cove, this morning, for the sake of old times."

"And mind you go in and chirk up poor Lucy," said Mrs. Palmer. "There's nothin' like cheerful talk for unstrung nerves."

"My little playmate, Lucy! I wish I'd been on hand when those ruffians showed themselves at the tavern door!" And Robert looked as he had looked on the battle-field, now.

And a little later, when Grace walked with him to the gate, past the brier roses, whose red bowls poured sweet perfume on the air, Robert took a small white box from his pocket.

"Look in there," he said, to his sister.

And Grace opened it, and saw a small watch-case, daintily embroidered with silk and beads, on a blue satin ground. In the centre thereof were a couple of robins, alighted on a tumuli of dark green moss; and in one corner was a spray of leaves and berries, close to which was clustered a name, wrought with gold beads—"Bessie."

"How very pretty it is! What lady gave you this, Robert?"

"Not a lady, but a little girl, who hadn't seen her thirteenth birth-day. It was all she had to give me—and if it hadn't been for her, poor child, the chances are that your brother wouldn't have been standing here by this lilac bush with you, this May morning."

"Wouldn't? What do you mean, Robert?"

"It isn't a long story. You know I wrote you, soon after the battle of Monmouth, that I'd had a touch of the bilious fever. It was a good deal more than that; but I didn't want to scare home folks, so I put a light face on the matter. We had halted at Paramus, used up with our marches after Sir Henry Clinton, and the weather was hot enough to brile a man's brains—"

"Bril, not brile, Robert, dear."

"Come, Gracie, you mustn't expect much of me in the way of fine talking. I shall be plain homespun Robert Palmer to the end of the chapter. It'll do for you, who are a scholar yourself, and expect to be with one all your life, to talk like a dictionary; but it don't matter if I stick to the old-fashioned words."

Grace might have made a strong point against Robert, but she was interested in his story; moreover there was one allusion in his remarks which made her cheeks tingle.

"Go on, Robert," she said, thinking this subject might remain open for further discussion.

"Well, I'd tossed about with a tree for a roof and a blanket for a bed, for two mortal days, parched with thirst and burning with fever, and the third morning I said to myself, 'Robert Palmer, if you've got to give up the ship, do it like a man—stand fast to the wheel until she goes down.' So I staggered up and off into the woods in search of mint or berries—anything that would ease the thirst that gnawed at my stomach and throat, and expected every minute to drop down under the nearest tree and never get up again."

"Oh Robert, how we should have felt if we had known it!"

"Lucky you didn't. Well, I came at last upon some high-vine blackberries, and they touched the spot, for I hadn't put a mouthful inside for three days; and then I spied some apple trees not far off, and I knew there must be a house nigh at hand, and I started for the apple trees, but before I reached 'em I came to a spring, with mint growing all about it, and I sank down here, too faint to move a step farther."

"I reckon I must have fainted dead away, for I can't remember anything for a long time."

and the sun had got well towards the west'ard when I opened my eyes. I tried to get up but I couldn't make it out, and I was resigning myself to the worst, when there came over the fields a soft child's voice, humming some old psalm tune. I rested my head on my hand, and a moment later I saw a little girl hopping along the grass to the spring, with a tin pail in her hand. Seeing me, she stopped short, her little round face full of surprise and a little alarm."

"Don't be afraid my little girl," I said. "I'm a sick man, and I've wandered off from the camp and I shall die here, if somebody don't help me."

The surprise in her face vanished into pity. She drew near—

"Are you a tory?" she asked.

"No. I'm a soldier in the American army. Wont you give me a drink of that water? She took a small tin cup from the pail and filled it from the spring and gave it to me. Oh Grace, how good that water tasted!"

"Go on, Robert."

"The little girl told me that she and her grandmother lived all alone in the red house beyond the apple trees. Her brother, Lyman, had joined the British army, but her father had always taken side with the Americans, although he died at the breaking out of the war."

"Then the child hurried off, saying she would bring her grandmother, who knew just how to take care of sick people, and wouldn't let me lie there any longer. In a few moments the child returned with an old woman, wrinkled and bowed down, but she had a pleasant, motherly face for all that. Well, to make the story short, they got me up, and half led and half carried me to the house, for I could'n't have stood alone to have saved my life, and they got me to bed; and I don't remember much after this, only I know that old woman and that young child nursed me for the next two weeks through a terrible fever, just as tenderly as you and mother would have done it, Gracie!"

"Oh, Robert, how grateful you must be to them!" said Grace, with the bright tears in her eyes.

"Grateful! that isn't strong enough! When I got better at last, it seemed as though that child couldn't do enough for me. She hung round my chair with her pretty prattle, her sweet womanish ways, and her bright rosy face, day after day, and I told her stories of you folks at home, and made her all sorts of

gimcracks and toys with bits of wood out of my jack knife, and I was a very happy convalescent; but it came to a sudden end."

"How, Robert?"

"Why, it seems that I was in the hottest kind of tory neighborhood, and it got noised abroad that old Miss Stebbins had got a live rebel in her house, and there was a plan laid to seize and take me prisoner. One night, just at sunset, two or three of these fellows, who thought they'd have a nice spree over it, came round to spy out how the land lay, and it happened that Bessie, who was down among the currant bushes, overheard the whole plan. There were about twenty concerned in it, rough, drunken fellows, and betwixt them all I should have had a chance of pretty tough handling."

"Bessie got hold of the whole scheme. They were to come that night about ten o'clock and demand me without loss of time, and as they swore, carry off the Yankee dead or alive. Bessie hurried back to the house panting with fright, and told me what she had overheard. I was by this time hard on the road to getting well. I'd been out that day for the first time. Well, I saw they would have the advantage of me in strength and numbers, and my only chance was to make my escape; but it looked like pretty tough work for a man with no stouter legs than mine. But as I'd nothin' else I concluded to try 'em. Miss Stebbins had gone away to a sick neighbor's, and Bessie concluded to take my advice, lock up the house and go to her grandmother."

"About three miles off on a lonely road was an old deserted house, where I could pass the night, and the next day make my way to a more friendly neighborhood. So little Bessie packed me off with a pocketful of pie and gingerbread, and a blanket to lie on; and then—poor child, I can't even bear to think of it," said Robert Palmer, stopping short.

"And then?" said Grace, softly.

"She put her arms about my neck, little Bessie Stebbins, and with the tears on her cheeks, thick as blackberries on high vines in August, she sobbed out that this little watch-case, she worked for her brother, was all she had to give me, and that I mustn't forget her, but keep it, and promise that some day I would come back to see her and grandma. And I promised her, and that is the last I saw of her."

"That night I slept at the old deserted house in a clearing among the woods, and the next day got among friendly strangers, and

before another week was out I was safe and sound in camp."

"But the child—are you sure no harm came to her?"

"Oh yes; she was a brave little puss—bless her! She must have made quick tracks for her grandmother, and reached there before dark; but those twenty torics must have felt blank enough that night when they found the house deserted and the rebel gone."

"It's a real little pearl of a romance," said Grace; "and to make it complete, Robert, you ought to go back one of these days and marry this little Bessie Stebbins!"

"Who knows but I shall! No need of being in a hurry. She's only twelve now," said Robert, with a laugh; and he went his way.

And Grace went up gravely to the house, thinking of this story and all Bessie Stebbins had done for Robert, and passed the rest of the morning talking it over with her mother.

A little after sunset Robert and Grace sauntered home from a walk on the beach, where they had been listening to the cry of the seagulls, and watching the white frill of foam on the sands.

"You've got good news, father," said Grace. "I see it in your eyes."

"So I have—praise the Lord!"

"Let's have it." This, of course, was Robert.

"We've re-captured Stony Point! Sir Henry Clinton has recalled his troops from Long Island, and New London is out of danger!"

They all drew a long breath for surprise and joy. The story of the capture of Stony Point—the news of the deliverance of New London, seemed too good to be true. The Deacon's family, like the whole country, was thrilled with amazement at that daring achievement, one of the most brilliant of the war. And then the Deacon had to go over the whole story, to listeners that hung on every word—how General Wayne had stolen at midnight upon the sentries that guarded that lone promontory washed by the Hudson—how bravely he and his men had driven in the pickets and mounted the ramparts with a shout, "The day is ours;" and now, where the British flag had so lately floated in its triumph, there waved another—the stars and stripes of America.

"Hearing such a story makes me want to be off to the army again," said Robert Palmer, getting up and pacing the room.

"The whole thing was planned, as every good thing has been in this war, by General

Washington. I knew he wasn't lying idle and indifferent, as so many believed, while our coasts were being ravaged, and our homes destroyed. He couldn't break up his army by sending off detachments to hover round every place that was attacked; but this taking Stony Point was a master stroke, serving two purposes—it's taken the post and called off the enemy from our posts," said the Deacon.

"A master stroke, sir," said Robert.

"Oh, Grace, I'd like to forget," said her father, with a lurking pleasure in his smile, "there's something for you!" Jaking a letter and an oblong roll from his deep coat pocket.

"Oh, let me see, Gracie!" said Benny, putting up his curly head close to his sister.

And with a face which wore a different eagerness from Benny's, Grace cut the envelope and there rolled out a silk flag, the new emblem of our new liberties, with its beautifully contrasted bars of white and red—its field of azure blossoming with its thirteen silver stars. Grace had never seen the new banner of her country before. It was a pity that the giver was not there to see the delight in her face. And in the midst of the general inspection and admiration, Robert said—

"I'll put it up, Grace, at the corner of the house over your window, with appropriate ceremonies, to-morrow morning."

And as soon as possible Grace slipped off up stairs with her letter clasped tight in her hand. She did not come down until it was quite dark; but there was a full moon, and the earth lay asleep under its silver frosting.

Mrs. Palmer and Robert had gone over to a neighbor's. The Deacon sat in the door looking out on the night with quiet enjoyment. Grace came up and put her hand softly on her father's shoulder.

"My little daughter!" said the old man, drawing her down on his knee, for every year the tie between Grace and her father seemed to grow closer and tenderer.

"It looks pleasant, the old place, in the moonlight, doesn't it?" said Grace.

"Yes, daughter, and it's grown a great deal dearer to me since I can walk over it once more, and feel that it's mine and no man can rob me of it. Maybe the Lord saw that I wasn't grateful enough for the old homestead, and so he let me pass through that long trial of hope, and fear, and dread, which took something out of my life."

"Oh, father, this hope, and fear, and waiting are hard, very hard," said Grace, dropping her head on the old man's shoulder, and yield-

Drifting Away.

ing for once to the long sorrow which oppressed her.

"I know it is, my child. But the Lord always sends us strength to bear our burdens; and you have carried yours bravely."

"But sometimes it grows very heavy, father. Only to think it is more than four years since he went away, and there is still no telling when this terrible war will be over."

"As soon as God wills, my daughter, and He has been very merciful to us; the day does not seem very far off to those who now watch in faith and hope."

He saw her face in the moonlight as she lifted it and smiled on him, a smile that was full of courage and cheer, and that drew its light and sweetness from springs beyond this world. So, they sat without speaking awhile, until she heard her mother's voice and Robert's at the gate, and then Grace slipped softly up stairs again, and at the close of the letter which she wrote that night, she said—

"It is vain for me to seek for words to tell you, Edward, all that I felt when I looked to-night upon the flag you sent me. I had never seen one, and as I looked on its bars of white and crimson, above all on its blessed cluster of stars, my thoughts fairly overcame me. 'Oh my stars,' I said, 'ye shall shine gloriously. Praise and honor shall be given unto ye! And what a future awaits ye!' When I think of that, Edward—how this little cloud of stars shall shine bright on the waves of every ocean—how they shall unfurl their sweet faces in every port of the earth, carrying the new sign of peace and liberty and righteousness wherever they go; and when I think that other stars shall in coming years be added to these, and our home, God willing, shall be built and our lives flow peacefully beneath them; and long after we have laid down to sleep in the hope of a resurrection unto life immortal, they shall shine upon our graves, even as God's everlasting stars shine over them; when I think of all this, oh my best friend, my lips and my pen have no words to utter the song of joy and praise that is to night in the heart of your

"GRACE PALMER."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Though man, if he compares himself,
With all that he can see,
Is at the zenith of his power,
He'll at the nadir be
When he compares his present state,
With all he can conceive that's great.

"My good Bertha joins me in the invitation," wrote an old friend, who lived the easy life of a self-indulgent country gentleman, some fifty miles away from the noisy city, amidst the work, and din, and cares, of which I often grew weary. "Come, and come now, when the trees are greenest, the earth in richest attire, and the air like stainless crystal," he added. "We will ride, and sail—I have the fairest of pleasure boats, and spend the days as merrily as if the world had never a care or sorrow. Come! I will take no refusal. You are wearing yourself out too fast in that toiling city."

The invitation came at the right moment. I was drooping over my work with slow hands and failing ardor.

"I will be at Fern Dale," I wrote, "in a week. Many thanks for your kind invitation."

And in a week, I stood face to face with my old friend. It was twice twelve months since I had seen him. He had gained liberally in flesh during the time; and his face, though rounder and larger, was fresher and younger in appearance than when I last saw him. The years had not dealt so kindly with Bertha, his sweet wife, I was grieved to see. Her face had grown thinner, though not less beautiful. It was not the beauty of old, that caused your eyes to linger on her countenance, for the delicately rounded outline, and warm tinting, were gone. But there was more thought and feeling there, and a depth and mystery in her eyes which I had never seen before. How singularly in contrast was the broad, radiant smile, that lit up his whole face with the glow of sunbeams, and the flickering light that played now and then so feebly, yet so full of angel sweetness, just around her mouth. She was sitting with a baby on her lap, when I entered. Instead of laying it down, or calling an attendant, she received me with the nursing in her arms; and her eyes passed, every now and then, from mine to the cherub face that lay against her bosom.

"Another baby," said I, as I touched the peachy cheek with my finger.

"And the dearest darling of them all," she answered, looking down upon it tenderly.

"She's perfectly bewitched by that baby," said my friend, as he laid his hand in a fond way upon her shoulder. "You would think, to see her, that she'd never seen a baby in her

life before. But come into the library; I've got a hundred things to talk with you about."

And he drew me away, ere I had been five minutes in the company of his wife. I saw that her eyes followed us, and I fancied that a look of disappointment was in them.

"I'm sorry to see that Bertha is not looking so well as when I was at Fern Dale last time," said I, as we sat down in the handsome library.

"Not looking so well!" My friend seemed a little surprised at the remark. "You have forgotten. In my eyes, she never looked better. She was always slight and delicate, you know, and rarely had much color."

"Perhaps my memory is at fault; but I have a vision of Bertha with rounder, ruddier cheeks, than I see to-day."

"That great baby in her arms will suggest a reason for the change. It does not come from failing health."

"My friend seemed so entirely at ease on the subject, that I said no more; but I did not feel satisfied. We talked for an hour in the library, when dinner was announced, and we joined his wife at the table. She had on a white lawn dress, dotted over with small blue forget-me-nots, and plain lace cap. A slight warmth was visible in her cheeks, and her eyes, as she lifted them to mine, were full of smiling welcomes. She looked pure and beautiful as a consecrated vestal. I saw my friend's eyes rest proudly and lovingly upon her for a few moments, ere he gave himself up to the agreeable work that lay before him.

I noticed that while my friend's wife did, with a pleased alacrity, the honors of the table, urging one dish after another upon her guest and her husband, she ate very little herself. The fact must have escaped the observation of my friend, or he would certainly have remonstrated, I could not help saying, as I saw her playing with, instead of eating her dessert—

"Don't you eat anything, Bertha?" I had known her many years—even before her marriage—and always addressed her with the old familiarity.

"Oh, she lives on air!" spoke up my friend, smiling, "so don't imitate her example while at Fern Dale. I am made of grosser stuff, and can't get on without the substantial things, that make up what are called creature comforts."

Bertha smiled in return, and looked beautiful, but too ethereal in my eyes.

After dinner, we drove out, leaving Bertha

at home, with her children and domestic duties. Not a word was said about her going with us. Our drive was over breezy hills, and amidst scenery of the most charming character. I felt new life in all my pulses, as we went rushing through the exhilarating air. It was sundown when we returned, both of us as keen for supper as though a hearty meal had not been taken only a few hours before.

The warmer glow that mantled Bertha's cheeks at dinner-time had faded; and as I looked at her across the tea-table, I noticed an expression of weariness about her eyes, and a languid falling of the lips, that made me feel uncomfortable. She asked if I had enjoyed the ride, and listened with much apparent interest to my descriptions of many points in the fine scenery through which we had driven. I was a little surprised, however, to learn, from a remark she made, that she had never looked upon it herself.

After supper, my friend and I retired to the library, where we spent the evening alone, talking of old times; discussing the merit of new books; or, lingering over the current topics of the day. Bertha did not join us. Once I asked for her. I had pleasant recollections of hours spent in her company.

"Oh, she's buried with the children, or closeted with her cook," answered my friend, smiling, in his easy, good-natured way. Bertha has become a famous housewife."

"She has too good a mind for burial after this fashion," said I. "Bertha was born for something more than a simple housewife."

"I know it—I know it," replied my friend, with a slight closing of his brows. "But women will take their way. Her children and her household have completely absorbed her."

"Do you think this absorption of her life a good one—a healthy one—for either mind or body?" I asked.

"Perhaps not. But there is a wonderful power of adaptation in nature, as you are aware. I guess it will all work out right. I often wish it were different; yet, as wishing does no good, I never permit myself to get worried over what can't be helped. I am something of a philosopher, you know, and manage, under all circumstances, to keep a quiet mind. If Bertha likes her way best, why so be it; she's a good, loving, over-indulgent wife to me, and I won't force her out of the world she seems most pleased to dwell in—though our tastes do run parallel in so many things; and we might enjoy so much together."

My friend's feelings lay close to the surface, and I saw his eyes glisten as he turned them away from me. He loved his wife as tenderly as any man who loved his own ease and pleasures as well as he did, could love anything out of himself. She was, in his eyes, the paragon among women. He was proud of her—very proud of her.

On the next morning, when I met Bertha at breakfast, and looked narrowly into her face, I saw more of the work of exhaustion than I had noticed on the day before. The pearly skin lay in flat surfaces on her cheeks, forehead, and shrunken nostrils, instead of showing rounded undulations. Her lips were very thin and white. Her eyes—large, dark, and lustrous, shone out upon you from a farther distance in their shadowy orbits. She had no appetite, and only made a feint of eating, as I could see; while her husband piled away the steak, muffins, and omelet, in a most liberal fashion, and kept himself so busy at this pleasant work as to permit his wife's abstemiousness to escape observation.

"You don't look very well this morning," said I, feeling really concerned.

Bertha smiled faintly, as her husband turned a look of inquiry upon her face, and answered—

"My head aches a little;" and then added—"I hope my fretting baby didn't keep you awake. I don't know what ailed him. He didn't sleep for an hour at a time all night. Husband had to go into another room. He can't bear loss of rest."

"No," said he, "I must have my regular sleep. How these women manage to worry night after night with their babies, up and down at all hours, is more than I can understand. It would kill me."

Bertha coughed slightly, cleared her throat, and coughed again two or three times. There was a sound in the cough that was unpleasant to my ears. I glanced towards my friend, to see how it affected him, but he had not appeared to notice it.

"And kills the mothers, sometimes," I ventured to remark.

My friend looked at me for a moment or two, as if I had disturbed him slightly and then went on with his breakfast. I noticed the cough again once or twice during the meal.

After breakfast, my friend and I retired alone to the library, leaving Bertha to her maternal and household cares. A sail on the river which ran along one side of my friend's estate, and in that "fairest of pleasure-boats"

about which he had written to me, was to be our forenoon's occupation. After spending an hour or two in the library, talking and reading, we went down to the river, my friend carrying a lunch-basket, which Bertha had placed in his hand.

"Why can't you go with us?" I asked, as I looked into her fading face.

She shook her head, and half turned it towards the door, from which she had stepped into the portico, to give her husband the basket, thus indicating that duty must go before pleasure.

"It's no use to invite her," said my friend, in what struck me as a light and careless manner. "She never goes anywhere. Leave her with her babies and her servants; she is happiest among them."

I stood nearest to Bertha when this was said, and could not have been mistaken in the sound that reached me—it was a faint sigh.

"There's something wrong here," said I to myself, as we walked towards the river. "A life is wasting rapidly away, and no suspicion of the fact seems to have been awakened. My friend is either very selfish or very blind. How can he look into his own ruddy face, as it stands each day reflected to him in his mirror, and then look upon that pale, shadowy, fleeting countenance, and not feel the truth?"

A week at Fern Dale confirmed all my first impressions as to the rapidly failing condition of Bertha. And yet my friend showed no anxiety, no dim consciousness, even, of the peril in which his wife stood. "How can he gaze into that pale, thin face," I would ask myself over and over again, "and not take the warning that Nature gives? Was his own enjoyment of mere sensuous life so great that he could not understand a condition like Bertha's? He loved her—nay, almost idolized her; and when I would hint occasionally, in a concerned way, my fears touching her health, he would regard me with a vague, bewildered countenance, as if I were troubling him with the shadow of some far-off evil. It never seemed to occur to him that the evil was at his door.

One morning Bertha did not make her appearance, as usual, at the breakfast-table. On asking for her, my friend answered, that she had been up most of the night with her baby, and was too much indisposed to rise.

"Nothing serious?" I remarked.

"Oh, no," he answered. "She often has such spells. We shall see her at dinner-time, as usual, only looking a little paler, perhaps."

"Only a little paler! "That must be a death-like pallor," I said to myself.

This morning we were to have a sail on the river. Soon after breakfast, we went to the boat-house, and unmoored the fairy bark in which we had already spent so many pleasant hours together. As she glided gently out, like a bird floating on the buoyant water, through some mishap, the light cord by which my friend held her slipped from his hand, and she passed from his reach in a moment, out into the current, and commenced drifting away. My friend became instantly excited, and showed great anxiety about the boat. His face flushed, his eyes dilated, all his movements were hurried and disturbed. He ran here and there in an incoherent manner, and appeared for some moments to lose all self-possession. At last, catching at a small coil of rope, he tied a stone to one end of it, and gave me the other end to hold; then throwing the stone with all his strength, it fell into the boat. Eagerly taking the rope from my hand, he drew on it until the slack was in. Now came the moment of suspense. The boat was moving steadily with the current; should the stone not obtain a firm anchorage inside, but release itself, and draw over the gunwale, the little vessel would float beyond our present means of rescue. But the expedient proved successful. The stone held with sufficient tenacity to overcome the pressure of the current, and soon the pleasure-boat came floating to our outstretched hands.

"Safe!" exclaimed my friend, as he grasped the side of his pet with eager fondness. "How careless I was!" he added, as he stepped over the side, and commenced adjusting the sail.

"You could easily have recovered her again," said I, "even if she had drifted away a mile or so before a row-boat could be procured in which to go after her."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but I didn't think of that. I was only conscious that my beauty was drifting away beyond my reach. Don't laugh at me; but I have a real affection for this boat."

Soon we were moving away over the rippling water, under the pressure of a gentle breeze, my friend every now and then referring to the little incident I have mentioned.

"You don't know," he said, as we floated into a sheltered cove, where the wind no longer laid its soft cheek against our snowy sail, that hung loosely against the reed-like mast, "how that little peril of my boat disturbed me," again alluding to the circumstance.

I looked at him without answering.

"You are sober," he remarked. "What thoughts are shadowing your mind?"

"Thoughts that concern you. Shall I let them come into speech?" I said, after a moment of silence.

"By all means, my friend. Don't hesitate."

He leaned forwards, and looked at me anxiously.

"I was thinking," said I, "of a far more precious thing that is drifting from you—steadily drifting, and getting more distant every day, and yet you heed it not."

"I don't understand you." He looked bewildered.

"Bertha." I merely uttered the name.

He grew pale instantly.

"Bertha is drifting from you," said I, "and unless you stretch forth a hand to save her right speedily, she will pass out of your reach."

He let the rudder, which he had been holding, slip from his grasp, and leaned with a frightened look towards me.

"Why do you say this?" he asked, in a breathless manner.

"Because it so appears to my eyes. Bertha has failed sadly since I saw her last. All her color has departed, and all the fine roundness of face and limbs has wasted away. She eats nothing, comparatively, yet is taxed with duties that would wear out a strong man. You, with your vigorous health, could not endure them."

"But what can I do?" asked my friend, with pale alarm in his face. My few sentences had startled him from a pleasant life-dream. "She will bury herself, as you see. What can I do?" he repeated.

"You can stretch out your hand and save her, before the current, that is now floating her away, bears her beyond your reach," said I, confidently; "and I take the privilege of a friend to warn you in time. Not once since I have been here, has she shared our recreating drives or refreshing hours on the river. She does not sit with us in the library, flowing in with our pleasant talks, and making thought more beautiful, as in other days; and when we meet her at meal times, looking so pale and spirituelle, it is plain to be seen that mind and body are feeble from excessive weariness. Can this go on long, and her delicate organism not give way? Be assured not, for the strain is too great."

"But what can I do?" asked my friend again, looking still more alarmed. "She is

wedded to these household cares, and enslaved to her children."

"I have not seen," said I, "any attempt on your part to win her away from them. There has been no remonstrance against her self-sacrificing course; no manifested concern; no urgent invitations to join us in our rides and rambles—I speak plainly, for there is a life at stake—but a dull kind of acquiescence. Now, if you wish to keep her long, all this must be changed. You must, at any cost of effort, see that she no longer violates the plainest laws of health."

"You have awakened me from a dream," said my friend, as he grasped the rudder again, and headed the boat homeward. "Drifting away! Drifting away!" he added, a few moments afterwards. "Yes, it is even so. But I will catch at her receding garments, and hold her back."

At dinner time we met Bertha, looking worse than I had seen her since my arrival. I noticed that my friend's eyes wandered every little while to her face, and that he did not eat with his usual appetite. After the dessert, and before we left the table, he leaned towards her, and said, with a tenderness in his voice that no wife's heart could resist—

"I am sorry to see you looking so worn out, Bertha. Last night was a severe tax on you. Have you been lying down this morning?"

"Part of the time," she answered, looking at her husband gratefully. It was plain to be seen that she was not used to such tender inquiries.

"This way of life won't do, Bertha," he went on. "It is destroying you. I see you drifting away from me." His voice failed a little. "And I must put forth a hand to draw you back. Nature will not bear the burdens you are laying upon her."

I saw light coming into her pale face, and love beaming out from her eyes upon her husband. His interest and concern were genuine, and she felt it.

"We are going to take an easy ride this afternoon," he added, "and want you to go with us. Now don't say no!"

I saw objection in her face; and her lips moved as if she were about putting her objection in words. But her husband's "Now don't say no!" coming as it did on his warmly expressed interest and concern, changed her purpose, and she said—

"If it will give you pleasure."

"Nothing in the world would give me more

pleasure," replied my friend, with almost lover-like warmth.

There was visible, already, a new life in the countenance of Bertha. A soft glow was faintly dyeing her cheeks, and a mellow light tempering the unnatural brilliance of her eyes.

"When do you wish me to be ready?" she asked.

"At four o'clock. We will ride until six. That will be long enough for you."

It was the Bertha of other days who talked so pleasantly and looked so cheerful during that ride. At tea-time she was another being from what she appeared on the evening before, or indeed, on any evening since my arrival at Fern Dale. The ride had quickened in her mind a new and healthier impulse. She was a lover of all things beautiful in nature, and this had given her a pure enjoyment which could not soon die out. During the evening, my friend, by a little management, drew her away from her nursery into the library, where we enjoyed her company for over an hour. How solicitous my friend was to keep her mind interested—to give her thoughts a new direction—to call back old themes in art and literature that once gratified her taste or charmed her imagination! She felt the change in him, and was, I could see, half surprised, yet touched thereby.

On the next day she accompanied us in our morning drive, and in the afternoon was induced, after a little persuasion, to take a sail on the river. There was an unmistakable glow on her cheeks as she came back from this excursion in fine spirits; and I noticed that she took a relish of tongue, and ate two biscuits at supper-time—an appropriation of food quite beyond anything I had seen in her case, since my visit to Fern Dale.

"You have caught her garments ere she drifted quite away," said I to my friend, as we sat together that evening in the library, where we had enjoyed her company for over an hour.

"Yes," he answered with feeling; "and I will cling to them as a man clings to his life! She shall not get free upon the waters again through any fault of mine. Was ever a man so thoughtless and stupid as I have been?"

"Many, very many, are just as thoughtless, just as blind as you were," said I; "and hundreds of overtasked wives—self-tasked it may be, as in Bertha's case—are drifting steadily away from mortal shores upon the sea of eternity, and in a few weeks, or months, or years, they will be out of the reach of hands that will clutch after them in agony when it is too late!"

Through the Moonlight.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The silence is deep to oppression,
The heliotropes load the soft air—
The purple and cream-white lilacs
Droop 'neath the fragrance they bear;
The heat of the summer is fervid,
Earth thrills with voluptuous pain,
Grows sick with the surfeit of beauty
Her languor can hardly sustain—
At noon in the height of her pain.

At night! oh, the regal and queenly—
Forever blessed be night!
The gloom and the grand solemn shadows—
The vistas of darkness and light!
At night, when the sky is luescent
With the stars' poor tremulous shine,
And the moon is lavish in yielding
Baptisms of light crystalline—
Oh then, to live is divine!

The moonlight! oh, through the white moonlight,
Up into the Eden of stars—
Reaching up to break the cold barriers,
To free Heaven's windows of bars!—
Imagining glorified spirits
Smooth back from my forehead the hair—
And touch with their cool lips the shadows
My vain life has let gather there—
Oh moonlight! thou sorcerer rare!

'Tis idle, but yet cling I fondly
To fancies, chimeras like these—
I love to believe that the moonlight
Is full of the sweet balm of ease;
The day glare is weary and tiresome,
Its splendor is doubt and unrest—
The moonlight is hopeful and trustful,
And silences doubt in my breast—
And I welcome it, calling it blest.

Libbie Hunter.

BY MRS. BELLA G. MINTER.

The last dull hours of a dark day in November were slowly waning, and as the night hung her sombre curtain over the earth, shrouding it in darkness, Libbie Hunter rose from her seat beside her babe's couch and lighted the gas. Then she resumed her seat, and once more suffered her head to droop upon the pillow, from which the fair young head beside her must soon be removed forever.

The light showed the mother's face scarcely less pale than the child's hue; the little one's half closed blue eyes were calm and peaceful, and the lips were half parted in a smile, while her lashes were wet with tears, and the closely

compressed lips and corrugated forehead spoke of a pain sharp and intense.

To pause in that lonely room and gaze upon the picture, your heart would swell with deep emotion and your eyes fill with tears. But it would be hard for you to comprehend the suffering in the desolate heart of that young mother, about to see the last link binding her to life severed, ere you heard the tones of her voice laden with an agony that rendered it soft and low with its very intensity.

A light hand fell upon her shoulder, and looking up, half startled, she beheld the doctor beside her.

"Oh, doctor," she murmured, "I know that there is no hope, and yet I would not have you tell me so. My babe—my bright, beautiful boy—oh! how can I see him die!" and once more her head drooped with a dry, heavy sob.

The doctor's eyes filled with tears, and he passed his hand caressingly over her head, as he might have done had she been his daughter. He was an old, white-haired man, with a great, noble heart, and the sight of her distress almost unnerved him.

"There, there!" he said, at length, in a choked, but gentle voice. "Do not grieve so, Mrs. Hunter, God is merciful in removing this child that you love so idolatrously. His tender, sensitive nature could never bear the harshness and coldness of this harsh, cold world, without suffering too deep for words to express. He does not suffer. He is not conscious of it, and I ask you give him back to our Father in his infant purity, and be satisfied; try, at least, to be resigned."

She raised her head slowly and fixed her large eyes upon his face, as she pointed him to a seat, which he took.

"Doctor Ashton," she replied, in a low, intense voice, "I appreciate your kindness, and from my heart thank you for your efforts to console me. But, oh, I feel as if I cannot give him up! He is all, *all* that I have upon earth, the last link which binds me to life; the sole motive for labor. With him I can cheerfully toil my life away, and deem myself blessed—without him I feel as if I am lost! All that I have ever loved I have seen die, till he is the sole being left upon the earth that I could claim as mine, and now God is depriving me of him. Oh! have not my sufferings been hard enough to bear—are the sacrifices I have made as nothing in His sight—could He not spare me my *last* one! Is there justice and mercy in it?"

"Hush! hush! Do not rail at His ways in rebellion like this. It is not like you! So gentle, so patient, so meek as you have ever been. What has become of your trust in God's mercy and righteousness?" said the doctor, earnestly, arresting her passionate expressions of grief.

"Oh, Heaven pity me, but they are all fading away—hope, trust, everything—with every departing sand of this precious little life. Oh, if God would but spare him!"

"Mrs. Hunter, should He spare him now, he could never be a source of comfort to you. An idiot and a cripple he would be all his life. Intelligence has yielded forever to the subtle influences of this brain affection, and see this little hand—the whole of the right side paralyzed. Could you wish him to live thus?"

Sobs alone answered him, as she stooped and kissed the little lips, brow and hands passionately. His breath came regularly, but he never stirred beneath her touch. It was as if she had kissed a piece of breathing marble.

"Oh, I cannot realize it," she said, chokingly—"that these little arms may never cling about my neck again—these sweet lips lip my name—these blue eyes look into mine! That I can never again hope to hear the tones of his baby voice, and hear him say, in his sweet way, 'I love my mamma so much.' Oh, how, how can I bear it!"

Now the hot tears were dripping upon his face, and glittering like diamonds upon his curling hair. Great sobs heaved her bosom, and the hand she clasped over it was pressed so hard that the nails looked purple. Grief like this was beyond the reach of sympathy, and Doctor Ashton could only bow his face upon his hands and pray silently, while the large tears trickled through his fingers. And well might he weep and pray for one on whom the hand of affliction was laid so heavily, for no one knew better than he how full of suffering her life had been, and how meekly she had borne it. Toil and pain had been nothing when borne for the loved ones. Strong, self-reliant, trusting in God, she had buffeted some of the fiercest storms in life unaided, only striving for right, truth and justice, and bearing also with God the Father.

Parents buried in her infancy—a young husband and a first born child taken from her in the short space of a few months, leaving her utterly alone and dependent upon her own efforts for subsistence. The little dying child beside her was all that was left of those she had so idolized, and now he too was pass-

ing away. What wonder if the tried heart for a moment rebelled, and God's ways—ever wise—seemed to the love-blind, lonely mother, unjust.

All efforts at consolation proved ineffectual, and in an hour after coming in the kind-hearted physician took a sad and reluctant leave. He could scarcely bear to leave her alone in her great sorrow, but she preferred it, and with a prayer to God for her comfort and guidance, he left her.

Slowly the hours dragged along, and through the still night poor Libbie sat and watched alone with her dying child. Every flickering pulse, every heart-throb which she witnessed so bitterly, brought him so much nearer to death; and oh, how she longed once more to feel the clasp of his little hand; to hear his voice in accents of recognition, and see his eyes once more fixed in their past beautiful intelligence upon her face, if but for one moment, before he was lost to her forever. And oh, how keenly she felt the utter uselessness of the wild wish! That hope had gone forever. He could never see, speak to, or know his mother again, until, like him, death should lift her above earth, its sorrows and sufferings.

Ten, eleven, twelve, one o'clock, and fainter and fainter grew the life in the little form. How she suffered! How she prayed at last—wildly, madly. "Oh, spare him, spare him!" and on her knees, by the little bed, gave vent to sobs and cries that might have broken the heart of any listener, could any have heard her.

Gradually, however, the violence of her feelings were subdued, and a torpor began to enwrap her senses. With little Eddie's hand in hers, and her hot, wet cheek buried in his pillow, she slept, and a vision rose in that sleep stilling forever the rebellion in her heart.

A darkened room, and a little crib standing in the middle of the floor, rose before her sight, and she saw a number of mourners weeping over a baby form. At the side of the crib knelt the child's mother, and she heard her utter a wild, passionate cry to God, "Oh, spare, spare me my boy." Then she saw another form bending over the child, it was that of a man, the doctor, and he spoke to the mother with a smile upon his lips, and she saw her bow her head as she murmured, "Oh, God, I thank thee!"

Then the scene changed. She had leaped by a bound into the future, and stood twenty years in advance of time. On a broad, green

common, thousands of forms packed in a motley concourse, and while she stood away from the crowd she saw a man led forth and mounted upon a scaffold. She knew that it was the little child, grown to beautiful and vigorous manhood, and yet sin-stained and ready to pay its penalty with his life. The wailing mother, crushed and stricken, turned her back upon the dreadful scene, and cried out, agonizingly—

"Oh, God, we are all blind, and cannot see the wisdom of Thy ways, even when Thou wouldst in mercy spare us! Better have given my child freely to Thee in his purity, than have lived to see him, after all these years of care and toil for him, die thus at last."

Was it a real voice that rang out in these words by her very ear. Mrs. Hunter started up and looked wildly around her, but save herself and the child, no living beings were in the room. She knew that she had slept, but the vivid vision was like reality. For what was that vision sent? To teach her the wisdom of God's ways. Now she knelt humbly, reverently, and no longer bowing her face, lifted it towards heaven as she breathed,

"Oh, my Father, Thou hast vouchsafed to teach me a lesson in Thy wisdom, as Thou didst to Thy disciples of old, through a vision, and in humility and repentance I accept it, and give Thee back that which is too pure for me, and all Thine own."

A sweet peace stole over the young face, and a calm resignation into the sorrowful heart. All bitterness and rebellion was gone, and she watched quietly beside the little one till heart and pulse were still, and the pure soul had gone back to the God who gave it. With a mother's reverent devotion she composed the waxen limbs of her darling in their last repose, and drew a white sheet smoothly over the beautiful form she had placed upon a little table. Then with a sad face and quiet step she gathered up all his little toys and clothes and laid them away, wet with her tears—but tears of fond remembrance only.

The gray dawn found her seated calmly beside her dead, with her face resting upon her hands, where the doctor found her, on coming in a little after daylight. The scene touched him to the heart, and overcome with his feelings, he sat down and wept, and then Libbie got up and crossed the room to his side.

"It is all past, Doctor Ashton," she said, quietly. "God has taken my boy—mine no more—but now His glorifying angel, and I am satisfied. I know how sad and lonely my

life will be," she continued, with quivering lips, "but God help me to be unselfish, and to rejoice that my boy is spared what I have suffered."

Then the two knelt reverently, and through the still death-chamber their voices mingled in an earnest and beautiful prayer. "Our Father, &c." Friends came in and took charge of the dead and the arrangements for the funeral, while Libbie went to her couch and sought that rest which for three weeks had been denied her.

Some of the old struggle came back to her after the green turf had been heaped upon her child, and she returned to her now desolate home. But meekly she took up her cross, and steadily pressed on life's path with faith, perseverance and prayer—believing all things right which "cometh from God."

Thus, living for others—laboring for others with a great trust in God, an earnest hope of eternal rest amid the unseen splendors of God's beautiful habitation, Libbie Hunter is to-day a light-hearted, happy woman.

Politeness.

BY BESCOTT.

Politeness may be defined courteousness, attentiveness to others, springing from an apparent desire to promote their comfort or pleasure. The well-being of others, then, is the end to which politeness is the means. Worldly politeness has been called an imperfect copy of Christian love, charity, and disinterestedness. It includes those numberless little attentions, customary salutations, and expressions of good will and interest, which kind feelings towards those with whom we come in contact would dictate.

Polite or impolite refers to the outward form of an act, not to its moral value and character. That may depend on the motive from which it springs, and the truthfulness or untruthfulness involved in the action or speech.

We meet those to whom politeness seems a natural grace. They appear gentle, kind and courteous spontaneously, and no one can help feeling the charm of their presence. Others there are, whom no amount of careful training and culture seems to affect. They are blunt, rude and harsh, in word and action, always doing something, though unintentionally, which grates upon the feelings. This difference exists, too, when Christian principle is not wanting—when grace is constantly striving to obtain the victory over nature. It is curious

to look into these so-called natural differences. Individually, we are no more responsible for such natural *tendencies* than for having brown hair instead of auburn; but the real value of proper training and discipline is frequently overlooked. There can be no excuse for misimprovement of instructions, and neglect of cultivating the spirit of love, which would produce politeness as its natural fruit. The acquirement of the grace may be slow, but it is a grace which we cannot well afford to be without, even were there no higher motive to its attainment than the social and worldly power it bestows.

Politeness is nowhere more essential than in the home. When a number of persons are thrown into such intimate relation to, and connection with each other, as must exist in the family, there must be occasional jarring of plans and purposes. A habit of politeness is invaluable at such times, through the forbearance and self-restraint it imposes. Nothing can be more mistaken than the idea, cherished especially by the young, that politeness may be laid aside in the every-day home life, and brought out only in public, as "best clothes" are kept for Sabbath use. If needed anywhere, politeness is needed between brothers and sisters, husbands and wives. It adds a charm to the intercourse of daily life, and serves to awaken and cherish not only the semblance but the reality of love and kindness.

There is another advantage on the score of politeness—in the love which is returned to us. This is pleasantly alluded to in Wm. Wirt's letter to his daughter, on the "small, sweet courtesies of life." He says:

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show them that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world would serve you so, if you gave them the same cause."

In the school-room—in the work-shop—in the public assembly—in the thoroughfares—in the counting-room—in every place where men or women meet, there is need for the spirit and the manifestation of politeness. There is little wisdom in the desire, which some appear to cherish, to be distinguished for bluntness of manners. A certain brusqueness or frankness is always fresh and agreeable, but it ceases to be so when carried on to roughness and harshness. Truthfulness and roughness are by no means synonymous. The truth, however unpalatable, may be spoken politely.

Here we are obliged to distinguish between the politeness which, whatever motives it may arise from, involves no breach of truth—and that politeness which, arising from whatever motives, violates truth. The word politeness does not make any distinction between the two, since it rightly belongs to both. For the sake of distinguishing them, we will call the former true, and the latter false politeness. That which we term false politeness is strangely prevalent, even in the best society. "I am delighted to see you," when the visitor's announcement is hailed with an involuntary "oh dear." "Do call very often," when the true feeling is, "I hope you'll never set foot in my house again." "How I envy you your excellent taste!" when behind the scenes you wonder how Mrs. Smith can bring herself to wear such a looking bonnet; are but specimens of the untruths daily and hourly uttered in order to be polite. These are the more open ways in which truth is violated; there are others in which even the speaker hardly recognizes the deception; and yet others where, though hinted at by conscience, it fails to be acknowledged through dulness of moral discernment. Conscience is so often outraged that its appeals grow faint.

It is common to tell untruths by *implication*. For instance, to gain the confidence of another, we imply that he or she stands to us in a very different relation from any other. "We should not trust every one; we know where to give our confidence." We often try to convey the idea that we are particularly attached to another, when in reality we are not. It gratifies human nature to be highly esteemed—to receive the confidence of another; hence the truth is twisted and stretched, and at length departed from entirely.

Invitations are given which it is hoped will not be accepted. The desired refusal gives opportunity for polite entreaty. Remarks are made to be contradicted. Opinions are expressed which others even are not expected to believe. We all remember the woman who could cook nothing "fit to eat." Calling attention, as usual, to the poor quality of her biscuits, one night; a minister who was taking tea at her house replied gravely:—"Yes, madam, they are very poor, it is true." Whereupon the good lady informed him indignantly that they were but too good for him! Possibly she had never considered that she was daily telling polite untruths; but it was only because she had deadened by long practice the voice of conscience, that it did not cry out mightily.

There are some who acquire great skill in the art of saying things which have one meaning to the speaker and quite another to the listener. The still small voice is hushed with the assurance that what was said was in itself strictly true. Is it not still deception, which no possible gain on the score of politeness will warrant?

Another form of false politeness is speaking in terms of highest praise of people whom we really very little esteem. This is a form of politeness very common, even among those in whom we should expect to see the most rigid adherence to truth. It is poetically styled "throwing a mantle of charity" over others. Now the follies and frailties of others need not be paraded forth, denounced and censured; but it is surely erring upon the other side to tell a deliberate untruth, in giving our opinions. We may be silent, or we may speak well of others as far as we can conscientiously, but no farther. We doubt if Mrs. A——, the deacon's wife, dreamed when she assured Mrs. B——, that Mrs. C—— was one of the excellent of the earth, that she herself was other than the "soul" of truth and love, though it was only the day before she had declared she wouldn't give a farthing for all Mrs. C——'s goodness. Was goodness with Mrs. A—— at a discount because the market was stocked? Even the deacon, had he heard it, would hardly have imagined there was any connection between the private philippics of his wife against Mrs. Jones, and her public eulogiums of that lady. So common is polite falsehood!

Politeness may spring from selfish motives. This is not, however, liable to be the case with true politeness. The Christian principle which generally accompanies true politeness would tend to produce it from right motives—kindness to others, and a desire to do them good in body or estate, joined with a desire to develop and perfect their own love by its constant expression. False politeness may also spring from right motives, but in such case narrow and one-sided views are taken. It is forgotten that the claims of truth are paramount to every other claim. But, as true politeness most frequently accompanies unselfish motives, so false politeness most frequently accompanies selfish motives. This fact was recognized and recorded long ago: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." Uprightness of character, true love and regard for the welfare of others, and

disinterestedness, go hand in hand. And as a general rule this is true of the opposites.

One motive which calls forth politeness may be a desire for the reputation of being well-bred—amiable in disposition. We lose the esteem of the world by rudeness and indifference to the welfare of others. Hence self-love leads to politeness. The politeness is right in itself, but it would be well to rouse up some higher motive for it than the elevation of self in the eyes of the world.

The tendency of being polite at the expense of truth, in its effects upon our own character, must be to deaden our sense of right, to blunt our consciences, and to break down the strong wall which should always stand between right and wrong. We shall be less true in act for being untrue in word; less honest with ourselves for being false with others; less able to solve the great problems of life for doing violence to our moral natures. And who that feels at every step the need of honesty and truth, of strong and clear moral perceptions, can be willing to weaken his powers for the sake of being polite.

It may be affirmed that the regard for others' feelings which calls forth these graceful speeches—these compliments, polite but unmeant—is so laudable as to overbalance the wrong against truth. If this plan of placing politeness before truth were carried out, where would it end? We should have a state of society, fair it may be on the outside, but within as corrupt as can well be imagined. But is the end really gained? Are not these polite but unmeaning compliments, invitations and insinuations, more frequently understood to be hollow than the speakers suppose. Brow and eyes stand by truth long after lips and tongue have deserted the colors. And by other signs as well as these the truth discovers itself, the end of giving pleasure is defeated, and instead of gaining esteem, if that chances to be the motive, our hypocrisy awakens contempt and disgust.

In those cases where, in a worldly point of view, politeness standing above truth seems to attain its end, is there not a great undercurrent of facts in society which bear witness that it is *only* in the seeming? Where would be the host of petty jealousies, envyings, bickerings, strifes and backbitings that now exist, if every man "spoke truth with his neighbor?" Were friend and neighbor accustomed to do this, to be truthful in their intercourse, there would grow up in time perfect confidence and trust, simple belief in each

other's word, which would not only work good through the action of trust on each one's own nature, but be an inestimable social gain.

It is said society cannot exist without these forms, this interchange of courtesies and good feeling. Certainly it cannot; but it can exist without the interchange of such good feeling as does not exist. So far as truth can go hand in hand with politeness, every word spoken is a gain to society. Just where truth separates from politeness, there should words cease.

Transplanting.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

"I think I will sell it, Kitty."

"Well, pa says it is a large price; and if you cannot give up the fancy that has haunted you ever since I knew you, I think we had better go now. There is one thing that reconciles me in part to selling, and that is, that pa says nothing against it; and he used to oppose it so bitterly."

"I know he did; and his ready acquiescence in the plan surprises me not a little. True, when I mentioned the matter to him, he had to tell me an anecdote he had just read about a homesick Vermonter who had been West."

"Tell it, please."

"The man was very anxious to change his location, and finally moved to Michigan. After a residence of a few months in that paradise of all amphibious animals and water-bred insects, he returned and went quietly about his usual labors."

"Why, how is this?" said a friend—"Come back to climb hills, and dig among rocks?"

"Look here! I'll tell you just how 'twas; I natrally felt melancholic at times, and used to walk out to enjoy the beauties of nater. Wall, jist as sartin as I did, the muskeeters would make a dive for me, singing—sweet home, sweet home; and the frogs would holler—Old Vermont, old Vermont, until I couldn't stand it no longer, no way."

Mrs. Hazen laughed a little at the story; but it could plainly be seen that the proposed change promised no joys to her.

"Three thousand for our place, you say, Henry?"

"Yes; and if I take up government land, as I intend to do, it would purchase two thousand and four hundred acres! Just think of it, Kitty! And here we have but fifteen!"

"I know it; but with your labor, it supports

us comfortably." And she looked wistfully around the little room, so nicely and pleasantly furnished.

"Yes; but what are we to leave for our children? The acres I name would eventually make them wealthy."

"But we must have a house to live in, and the land must be cultivated before we can obtain our subsistence from it."

"Certainly; I would not, at first, expend more than one thousand in land—but you look sad, Kitty; I will not sell if you are not willing that I should do so. This is your home as well as mine, and unwillingly you shall not leave it."

The wife looked eagerly into the face she had learned to read so well; but the excited, restless expression, convinced her that nothing but the experiment would ever satisfy him; and putting away her womanly fears and regrets in the wish for her husband's happiness, she said—

"I am willing to go, Henry; I shall have you and the children with me, and it must seem like home, wherever we may go."

"Thank you, Kitty, as you will one day thank me for the wealth you are so well fitted to enjoy. You will be happy, I am sure."

And she tried to be so; or at least, to wear the seeming; but when her husband went out, memory asserted her rights, and cruelly taunted her with vanishing blessings. She was an only child, and what would the kind father and the dear, dear mother—living just over the way—do without her? Her place at church and Sabbath school—how could she give them up? She could see the cupola of the academy, where her school-days had been passed, from her window, and she had hoped to educate her own girls there. And then, the dwelling! It had been her home during all her married life—now ten years—and no other could seem like it. In it her three children had been born, and it should be sacred for that. How could she yield it up to strangers? For a little while, she gave way to the sway of memory; and then came better thoughts. Henry would never be happy until he had tested the charm of his boyhood. He had known men who became rich by speculating in wild lands; and why not he, as well? For hours had he talked of this in their little home, and sought to awaken enthusiasm in his wife. But she was too loving and gentle to tear away, with a willing hand, the tendrils that bound her to old associations and loving friends. But, weary with his pinings, she had resolved to

say, "I will go," if ever an opportunity offered of selling without a sacrifice of property. And now it had come, and she had consented, and she must appear cheerful; for she well knew that millions would not make her husband happy, if gained by grief to her.

And so Appletree Farm, with its highly cultivated grounds, studded with fruit trees, and inlaid with choice shrubs and flowers, passed from the hands of Henry Hazen into those of a stranger. Mrs. Hazen and the children went home to her parents, while the husband went on his pilgrimage to look for land, on which to find a home for his loved ones. And land he found—in abundance; but every piece he would have chosen was, unfortunately for him, secured by a title he might not question. True, the owner would sell, but wanted an exorbitant price for the lands, and a premium, so it seemed to Mr. Hazen, for the improvements. In Michigan, he found the improvements to consist usually of from three to ten acres of half-cleared land, bristling with charred stumps, and mottled with shrubs, living and dead. Perhaps a rail-fence wormed its way around the clearing; but more frequently a hedge of fallen timber, known as *brush fence*, kept guard for the sorry grounds.

The dwelling was usually of logs, with out-buildings to correspond. In Illinois, he found the land equally high-priced, and the improvements still more extravagantly high. A small dwelling, innocent of plaster or paint, he would be assured had cost a thousand dollars. This was before that state had been reticulated with railroads, as now. Sometimes he would find three or four farms, with but a fence extending around them; no cross fences; all in one enclosure, as a matter of economy in fencing material. In Wisconsin and Iowa he found nothing better. And as for government land in either of the four mentioned states, there was none that a sane man would think of applying for. If he found any, it would mostly or all lie in a swamp, or on an arid sand-hill. It had been chosen from, until choosing again would be worse than folly.

There were many large, well cultivated farms, and in desirable locations; but he found the owners valued them as highly as if situated in the state from which he had just come. Beautiful villages and populous cities were not lacking; but a home in these he was not seeking. Nothing but acres would satisfy him.

Finally, after searching six weeks, misled by the ignorant, and imposed upon by the

designing, he succeeded in purchasing a farm in Michigan, containing one hundred and sixty acres, for two thousand dollars. The improvements consisted of a dwelling eighteen by twenty feet, built as a wing for a two-story, some future day; a log barn—the owner's first residence, and a log pig-sty. And these were situated in a clearing of about eight acres. Although called a clearing, the land was but half cleared. Logs were scattered about; and bushes, tenacious of life, fringed them on each side; while charred stumps stood like grim sentinels everywhere. The fence was composed partly of rails and partly of logs, and a gap filled up, here and there, with brush,—ugly enough to frighten away depredators, if such a thing were possible.

It was situated a mile from a "village" containing, perhaps, fifteen families—one quarter or more German or Irish—a store, a saw-mill and a school-house.

When Mr. Hazen first introduced his wife to her new home, he said—

"It looks rather rough now, Kitty; but a little labor and perseverance will soon subdue it. There is a saw-mill near us, and you shall soon have more room."

And into this little dwelling—only one room—the mother and children were literally packed. A bed was fitted up for the two girls—one nine, and the other seven—in the loft; while the boy, three years old, found a place again in his mother's arms, in a bed partitioned from the parlor, kitchen and dining-room, by curtains.

"It is only for a few days," the husband said, as he saw her laboring to accommodate herself to her small dwelling. "In two weeks, at farthest, I will have a kitchen and bedroom attached."

But he did not know the difficulties in the way of building, in a place like that. His bill of lumber could not be sawed until six others had been served. Then his carpenter disappointed him, and it was three weeks before he could engage another; and he proved so ignorant, that he hardly knew joist from shingle. But it was tumbled together, and made fast with nails, the driving of which nearly crazed the poor bewildered housekeeper. Oh! what a luxury she enjoyed, when she could say "my room" once more; and feel that she had not lost her identity entirely.

Not a word of complaint had escaped her, but sometimes, when her head seemed bursting with pain from that noisy hammer, she would creep away to the children's cot, and throwing

herself upon it, weep the bitter tears of homesickness. The dear old friends, the quiet old home, the Sabbath bell, how her heart yearned for them, with a longing that would not be subdued. But hands and feet must keep moving; and bathing her red eyes, and borrowing pleasant thoughts to clothe her face with cheerfulness, she would return with a wife's love and a mother's care to her tasks; tasks, reared as she had been, that she was ill-fitted to bear. But female help was not to be obtained at any price. Girls will not go to such wild locations to work, when they can have a choice of places in villages. One thing that reconciled Mrs. Hazen to her own hard lot, was the fact that her husband was working beyond his strength, also. Remembering his former grounds, the untidy state of his present ones was an incubus continually; and he toiled early and late, to bring about a more pleasing prospect. And when he came in, weary and disheartened, with sun-browned face, torn garments, and parched hands, she concealed her cares, that she might lighten his. Never once did she say—"I told you so," although she often wondered if he did not sometimes wish himself back on Appletree Farm.

There was preaching at the little school-house once in two weeks, and there they went to hear a fourth-rate preacher mutilate the English language, and sometimes garble the Scriptures. The preacher insisted that he had a call to preach; but many of the inhabitants thought, if he had, they had not been called to hear him, and but few attended except Mr. Hazen's family.

One day Ella came in from school, and to her father's pleasant question of "are you glad to get home, my dear?" replied—

"Yes sir-ee, horse and buggy with a dog under it."

"Why, Ella! I am astonished! Where did you learn such a phrase as that?"

The child looked silly and ashamed, as she replied—

"Why, pa, the children all say it at school, and it sounds funny."

"Well, there must be one after this who does not say it. Never use such an unladylike expression again."

"I will not; but I do not want to be a lady; for when we first went to school, the scholars called us ladies, and made faces at us, and throwed mud on our clean dresses. And see what some one has written in my copy-book."

The father took the book, and read a scurri-

ous sentence; but it did not shock him so much as the copies written by the teacher. There was hardly one free from error.

That evening, after the children had retired, Mr. Hazen said to his wife—

"I wish you would find some excuse for keeping the children at home the remainder of this term; I fear they are learning things better left unlearned. Perhaps Ella can help you some."

"Yes; but I have wished to keep her at school."

"Keep her at home the remainder of this term, and if the next school is no better, I will try and send the girls back to B—— next summer. Your mother would take them for your sake."

The mother's heart shrank at the thought of being separated from her children. Was this to be added to her trials?

"My mother ought not to be troubled with the care of them, Henry."

"I know it; but they must have good teachers somewhere; this will never do."

Mrs. Hazen bent low over her sewing, and the husband leaned his head heavily on his hands.

"Kitty, I am afraid I did a foolish thing when I sold the farm, and brought you and the children here, to live like savages."

If the wife had followed her inclinations, she would have gone to his side, and with his arm about her as in the olden time, she would have told him how weary she was of the life she was leading, and begged him to take her back to the old friends, if she must work as a servant, to earn her children's bread. But she was not so selfish as to do so, and she forced back the heavy sobs, and said—

"We must not think of that now, my husband. All we have is invested here, and we must make the best of it."

Mrs. Hazen did not have to frame an excuse for keeping Ella from school—Mary was too young to go without her—as the next day she was attacked by that scourge of Western life, ague. She was a robust child, and it took a strong hold of her; and before they had succeeded in breaking her chills, the other two were attacked in a milder form, by the same disease.

The parents gave up their whole time to the care of them, and on Mrs. Hazen the weight told fearfully; and before the children were well, she was moaning on her bed with brain fever. Then the husband learned how she had pined for old joys, and how great had been

the trial he had subjected her to. She talked of nothing but home—how the word made him shiver—and its blessings. Now she would ask for water from the fountain; now, an apple from the bird's-nest tree, or some grapes from near the bee-hive. Neighbors who watched by her thought it but the random words of a fevered brain; but the husband well knew where the busy mind was wandering. What would he not have given to have laid the blessings before her? But there was one thing that could be remedied. She craved a mother's care; a mother's cool hand laid on her burning head, would make it well again—would still those hammers that were beating her poor brain.

A telegraph dispatch brought the mother as soon as possible, and as her tears rained over her poor stricken child, they seemed to sink down—down into the hungry heart, and satisfy its cravings. After her mother came, she moaned no more, but for two weeks, life and death seemed poised in an even scale. But slowly and reluctantly health came back to the poor wasted form; aided, perhaps, more by a certain instrument in writing, that conveyed in a deed of trust to Kate Hazen and her heirs forever, a certain parcel of land known as Appletree Farm, than any prescription then given by the physician.

Her father had followed her mother, in a few days; and gradually had it been unfolded to the invalid that the old home was hers once more.

"But how did you obtain it from the purchaser?" asked the daughter.

"I obtained it by paying my money into the hands of my lawyer, to purchase it from that Esau of yours, who bartered it for a mess of pottage. I knew how it would be, from the first; and now I hope he will let you have peace the remainder of your days."

"But could you afford it. Has it not embarrassed you?"

"I have been saving it for you these five years. It will only take from your portion in the end. Mother was in the secret. And now, hurry and get well, and take your husband home."

Mr. Hazen could afford to be teased a little, and even listened to his father-in-law's repetition of the homesick Yankee, without a word. He soon found a tenant for his place—a truly Western man, who had never enjoyed, and therefore did not miss those privileges that make up the happiness of those reared to their use. He was to pay the taxes, and clear a certain number of acres every year, so long as he held it.

It was truly a happy family that gathered in the old home on Appletree Farm. The father was satisfied, the mother joyous, and the children jubilant; while the good old man who had wrought it all, snid slyly to a lady in cap and spectacles by his side—

"Did I not tell you so? It was the only way to cure him. And it has been no great loss, after all. The land will probably rise in value to the amount of the interest of the money; and now no more heartaches for poor Kitty."

"And no more yearnings for a sight of her dear face by her parents," said his companion, looking lovingly and earnestly upon her, as if she could never tire of gazing.

Mr. Hazen has never had a relapse of Western fever, although he often talks boastingly to his happy wife of his large farm in Michigan, and proposes an exchange, if she can pay the difference, for her paltry fifteen acres.

NEW BUFFALO, MICHIGAN, 1862.

Labor and Wait.

BY ALICE WARD.

Toilers in this world of strife,
Reapers in the field of life,
Sowing early, reaping late,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Labor earnestly and long,
Let your hearts be brave and strong,
Even though your path seem strait,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Waiting patiently until
God His promised word fulfil,
Knocking ever at the gate,
Learn to labor and to wait.

In due season ye shall reap
If ye faint not—why then weep
That the harvest seemeth late?
Learn to labor and to wait.

Mothers, we must not be sleepers,
But untiring, faithful reapers;
If we wish the harvest great,
We must labor and must wait.

We who guide the steps of youth,
Must be sowing seeds of truth;
Leaving unto God its fate,
We will labor and will wait.

When the work of earth is o'er,
We shall need to wait no more;
When each one his life-field leaves,
He may carry home his sheaves.

Taking them, our Lord shall say—
"Well dost thou my trust repay;
Enter now into my rest,
And forevermore be blest."

These are my Sons.

There came, daily, to one of the government hospitals in St. Louis, a lady, whose tender care of the sick and wounded soldiers attracted observation. She was known as the wife of a citizen, and as an educated woman, who moved in refined society. Before the war commenced, she was among the most cheerful and companionable in a large circle of friends. All the elements of life were in harmony. But, very soon after the mad assault of corrupt men upon their government, Mrs. G——'s whole demeanor changed. Friends wondered, and asked for the cause. But she was silent. She went no more into society, but held herself away from public observation—shutting herself up, for most of the time, in her own house.

Conjecture was of course busy, and many theories to cover the case were advanced and admitted—some near the truth, perhaps, but nearly all remote therefrom. The change in her manner and state of mind was complete; the warm, bright sunshine had passed, and she was under the shadow of heavy clouds. All this was the more remarkable, in view of the fact that Mrs. G—— was known as a woman of cheerful, reactive disposition; of clear, common-sense thought, and of large self-controlling power. Whatever trouble might come, her friends had faith in her ability to meet it with the calmness and dignity of a superior mind. Was it possible that a public calamity had been felt in her individual life so keenly?

Whatever the cause, Mrs. G—— did not rise above it. She was present no more in the circles to which she had always lent a charm. Occasionally an old acquaintance would see her on the street, but with a manner so changed and subdued that she was scarcely recognized. The Sabbath always found her in church, sitting with bowed head, an absorbed and fervent worshipper; and as she moved down the aisle, after service had closed, and out from the portico amid the crowd, instinctive delicacy in the minds of a large number of old friends let her pass without intrusion.

Thus it was with Mrs. G——, when disease, in league with bullet, cannon ball and bursting shell, began to crowd the hospitals of St. Louis with sick and wounded men, thus bringing into the very heart of a city, peaceful and prosperous a few months before, the ghastly fruit of treason. Among the earliest to enrol herself in the common sisterhood of charity was Mrs. G——. Almost on the very day that the first

wounded men arrived, she presented herself at one of the hospitals, and claimed a woman's privilege of ministering to pain. Her care was less for the sick than for the wounded, and less for strong men than for youth—tender boys, who had felt the kindling fires of patriotism, and gone forth in arms to meet the foes of freedom and law. Towards these she displayed all the interest and compassionate care of a mother, ministering to the mind and heart as well as to the suffering body. It was remarkable how completely her life came down into this work, and how soon duty was absorbed by love.

Among those who were brought in from one of the many battle fields of Missouri, were three young men, the oldest not over twenty-two. One of them had lost an arm; one had his right knee shattered by the fragment of a shell; and the other had received three bullets in his body. They were laid on three beds, standing side by side, and the first woman's face that looked down in pity upon their pale suffering faces was that of Mrs. G——. The first sound, so full of home and love—so soft and sweet to their ears, and like the voice of a mother, was the voice of Mrs. G——. Do we wonder that, as their eyes looked up to hers, they grew blinded by tears?

Mrs. G—— did not leave them when the surgeon came. The sight of his instruments pressed the blood back upon her heart, and she grew faint; but the eyes of a fair-haired stripling, whose hurt gaze turned from the knife and probe, and reached upwards towards her, like clinging hands, held her to the post of duty, and compassion gave new life to her heart, so that all its pulses were strong again. The surgeon's best assistant, through all the painful work that had in mercy to be done upon the bodies of these young men, was Mrs. G——; and their best strength came from her tender eyes and maternal voice. She was an angel to them, and thankful love filled their hearts and shone from their faces in the calm, and ease, and rest that followed the torture; and not only filled their hearts and shone from their faces, but awakened by its ardor the purest and truest of all loves in her heart—a mother's love.

She did not leave them through the feverish night that followed, and only returned to her home in the gray morning, that broke upon her self-imposed vigils. Nature demanded rest. Mrs. G—— was more exhausted than she had yet been. It was not so much the night-watch that left her weak and with jarred nerves; feeling had been awakened into too strong a life,

and burned with too consuming an intensity. It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. G—— returned to the hospital. Her first visit was to the three young men with whom she had passed the night. They received her with grateful eyes and welcoming smiles. Something about them touched her more deeply than she had been touched by anything which she had seen during her walks of mercy amid sick, and wounded, and dying men. Sitting down, she talked first with one, and then with another, about themselves and their homes. One had a mother, in far away New England, and his lashes lay wet on his cheeks as he spoke of her.

"She loves her country, and has given three sons for its defence," he said; and in pride of such a mother his heart beat quicker, and sent the flushing blood to his pale face. "I will not tell her how badly I am hurt," he continued, "she shall only know of that when I am well again. But she shall know of your kindness, dear lady! My first letter will tell her of that."

"Happy mother, to have brave and loyal sons in a time like this!" answered Mrs. G——, her voice losing its firm tones, and sinking to a sad expression.

"Have you no son to give to your country?" asked the fair-haired stripling, whose head had rested, a few hours before, against her bosom, while the knife and probe were making him sick with agony.

"I will call you my son," was replied, after a brief silence. Mrs. G——'s voice was in a lower key, but calm and steady. She seemed to have encountered a strong wave of feeling, that made all the timbers in her vessel of life shudder; but the stroke had proved harmless, and she was herself again. "And you are my sons also," she added, almost proudly, as she looked upon the others. "Worthy sons! I will give you a mother's care!"

There entered, at this moment, two men, carrying a litter, on which a man was lying. A surgeon and nurse were in attendance. The large room was full of beds, and on one of these the man, who moaned in a low, plaintive voice, was placed. Mrs. G—— did not stir from where she sat by the young soldier. Scenes like this were of almost daily occurrence, and did not disturb the order or duties of the institution.

"A wounded rebel," said the nurse, who had come in with the litter. She had crossed the room to Mrs. G——, whispered the sentence, and then moved back again. She did

not know what a thrill of pain her brief sentence had awakened.

A wounded rebel! The very bullet that shattered the bone, and rent the sensitive flesh of the loyal youth over whose couch she sat, might have been sent on its cruel mission by his hands! Yet was he now brought in, carefully to be ministered to in suffering, and saved perhaps from death. This was the very thought that flashed through the mind of Mrs. G——, as the thrill of pain which the announcement occasioned went trembling away into stillness.

The moans of the wounded man soon died away. He had first been taken to the surgeon's apartments, and after the abstraction of a ball, the passage of which had been more painful than dangerous, removed under the charge of a nurse to the room where he now rested.

Mrs. G——'s interest in the three young men, who were now specially in her charge, found no abatement, but rather increase. In brief conversations with each of them, she gathered little facts, and incidents, and sentiments, that expressed the quality of their lives, of a character still further to interest her feelings. Each had been tenderly cared for in early years, and each was loyal, as well to all home memories as to the country he had gone forth to serve, bearing his life in his hands.

It was nearly an hour after the wounded rebel was brought in, when a nurse, crossing from a distant part where he lay, came to Mrs. G——, who was assisting the surgeon to dress the shattered limb of one of the young men under her care, and stooping down, said to her, with suppressed agitation,

"It is your son, madam!"

"Who! Where!" The color went out of Mrs. G——'s face.

"The man who was last brought in."

"My son?"

"Yes, ma'am. He says he is your son. Won't you come over to him? He wants you."

Mrs. G—— caught her breath with a gasp. But, gaining self-possession, she answered with a calm eloquence of tone that was full of heroism, "These are my sons!"

For an instant, she looked proudly from face to face of the three wounded soldiers, and then bent over the task in which she was engaged. Her hand showed no tremors, as she wound the long bandages about the tender limb, and in every minutiae obeyed the surgeon's direction. When the painful work was done, she wiped from the sufferer's pale forehead the clammy sweat that covered it, and laid her hand softly

upon his temples, smoothing back the damp hair. No mother's hand had in it ever a tenderer touch.

For a minute the surgeon drew her aside, and they stood in earnest conversation; then he moved away, and Mrs. G—— resumed her place. Not long afterwards, the rebel soldier who had been brought in was carried out again, the men who bore the litter almost touching Mrs. G—— as they passed. But she did not stir, or look around. One, two, three hours, and she was still in the hospital; but her loyal, heroic heart had taken up a burden that no true mother's heart has strength to bear. The surgeon, who comprehended the case, was watching her with intense interest. He saw, with eyes that could read signs which others might not understand, the gradual failing of power to sustain herself in this self-imposed ordeal, and more than once offered gentle remonstrances, which she failed to heed. But all things yield, when pressure is in excess of strength. Three hours after her wounded rebel son had been removed, by her order, with a nurse in attendance, to the home he had dishonored, Mrs. G—— was carried thither insensible, having swooned from exhaustion of vital power in the unnatural conflict of mind to which she had been subjected.

On the day after, she was absent from the hospital; but on the third day she came in again, paler, and to some eyes sadder, and again ministered with loving care to the sons of her adoption.

Our homely prose has failed to give in fitting words this true and touching incident, worthy to be enshrined by some true poet in deathless numbers. It should not perish. Who will set it in the jewels of song? A.

Dreary Past—Future Hope.

BY MRS. H. A. HEYDON.

Long has been the way and dreary
Since together hand in hand
Ye were looking at the future,
From youth's sunny, love-lit land.

Then the sky bent blue above you,
Stretched before a flowery road;
Beautiful, and calm, and holy,
Was the life the future showed.

But the sunny dream has vanished—
Died the bright hopes, one by one,
Till with age low-bent and weary,
Thou must seek the grave alone.

He to whom, when life was brightest,
Was thy young heart's freshness given,
Has his Master and thine taken,
To his better home in Heaven.

And the old disciple, laying
Down the cross of earthly strife,
Treads unsandaled now the golden
Streets of everlasting life.

Courage, weary heart—the shadows
Soon shall fade from thee away;
But a little longer needed—though
Weak and tearful, watch and pray.

Once again, by hands low-lying
In the grave, shall thine be pressed,
And his Master shall receive thee,
Through the pearly gates of rest.

The Little Drummer Boy

AT THE PRISON HOSPITAL, ST. LOUIS.

BY FANNY FALES.

"Looking wistfully, as if there were something still on his mind, he said—My mother is a good woman too—she would treat a poor sick prisoner kindly, and if she were with your son, she would kiss him."

Lonely, dying, among strangers,
Dreaming of his Southern home,
Longing for his mother's kisses,
Ere the angel Reaper come,

For her arms once more to clasp him,
Her soft fingers in his hair,
And the dear, old-time caresses—
All a mother's tender care.

Pleading, wistful eyes, he turneth,
To a gentle face anear,
Bending down with woman's pity,
His low dying words to hear.

"Lady," said he, "at my mother's,
If one sick, a prisoner lay,
She would kindly watch beside him,
As you watch by me, to-day.

"If your son—oh, she would soothe him,
And would kiss him—she is good."
Oh, the yearning glance uplifted,
All its meaning understood.

Gently bent the lady o'er him,
While his dying lips she prest,
"For your mother's sake," she murmured—
Comforted he sank to rest:

Rest that folds the hands forever,
Sleep no mother's tears can start;
Lo! two angels kissed him, hushing
The wild, sad cry of his heart.

Chess Episodes.

Notwithstanding the many conjectures which have been hazarded, the origin of the game of chess is unknown, though it is certain that it is of very remote antiquity, and more than probable that it first made its appearance in Asia. John de Vigney wrote a work which he called "The Moralization of Chess," in which he assures us that the game was invented by a philosopher named Xerxes, in the reign of Evil Merodach, King of Babylon, and was made known to that monarch in order to engage his attention and correct his manners. "There are three reasons," says De Vigney, "Which induced the philosopher to institute this new pastime; the first, to reclaim a wicked king; the second, to prevent idleness; the third, practically to demonstrate the nature and necessity of nobleness." He then adds:—"The game of chess passed from Chaldea into Greece, and thence diffused itself all over Europe." The Arabians and Saracens, who are said to be admirable players at chess, have new-modelled the story of De Vigney, and adapted it to their own country, changing the name of the philosopher from Xerxes to Sisa.

Though it is not known when the game of chess was first brought into England, yet there is good reason to suppose it was well known there at least a century before the Conquest, and that it was then a favorite pastime with persons of the highest rank. Mr. Singer thinks that the game was unknown in Europe previous to the crusades, and that it did not reach us before the twelfth century.

The game is one of extraordinary complication and difficulty. It has been generally practised by the greatest warriors and generals; and some have even supposed that it was necessary for a military man to be a perfect master of it. The interest which it excites is such as usually to engross the attention of those who engage in it to the exclusion of all other objects, even of the most pressing moment. We read that Tamerlane, who was a great chess player, was engaged in a game during the very time of the decisive battle with Bajazet, the Turkish emperor, who was defeated and taken prisoner. It is also related of Al Amin, the Khalif of Bagdad, that he was engaged at chess with his freedman, Kuthar, at the time when Al Mamun's forces were carrying on the siege of that city with so much vigor that it was on the point of being carried by assault. Dr. Hyde quotes an Arabic history of the Saracens, in which the Khalif is said to

have cried out, when warned of his danger—"Let me alone, for I see checkmate against Kuthar!"

Daniel relates that Prince Henry, the youngest son of the Conqueror, afterwards Henry the First, who, with his brother Robert, went to the court of the French king, after dinner won so much money of Louis, the king's eldest son, at chess, that the latter lost his temper, and reproaching him with the base birth of his father, threw the chess-men in his face. Henry took up the chess-board, and struck Louis with such force that he drew blood.

We are told that Charles the First was at chess when news was brought of the final intention of the Scots to sell him to the English: but so little was he discomposed by this alarming intelligence, that he continued his game with the utmost composure; so that no person could have known that the letter he received had given him information of anything remarkable.

The following remarkable anecdote we have from Dr. Robertson, in his history of Charles V. John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, having been taken prisoner by Charles, was condemned to death. The decree was intimated to him while at chess with Ernest of Brunswick, his fellow-prisoner. After a short pause, and making some reflections on the irregularity and injustice of the emperor's proceedings, he turned to his antagonist, whom he challenged to finish the game. He played with his usual ingenuity and attention; and having beat Ernest, expressed all the satisfaction that is commonly felt on gaining such victories. He was not, however, put to death, but set at liberty after five years' confinement.

In the Chronicle of the Moorish kings of Granada, we find it related that in 1396, Mehemed Balba seized upon the crown in prejudice of his elder brother, and passed his life in one continued round of disasters. His wars with Castile were invariably unsuccessful, and his death was occasioned by a poisoned vest. Finding his case desperate, he dispatched an officer to the fort of Salobrena, to put his brother Juzaf to death, lest that prince's adherents should form any obstacle to his son's succession. The Alcayde found the prince playing at chess with an *alfaquei*, or priest. Juzaf begged hard for two hours' respite, which was denied him. At last, with great reluctance, the officer permitted him to finish the game; but before it was finished, a messenger arrived with the news of the death of Mehemed, and the unanimous election of Juzaf to the crown.

LAY SERMONS.

Forgiveness.

Among the varieties of individual experience, we occasionally meet with a singular condition,—utter want of faith in God's willingness to forgive. In this state of mind was a lady of considerable intelligence, and well known for her charities. Early in life, she had been gay and fashionable; but, after thirty, became a devout church member.

Mrs. Olney was not a happy Christian. From the very commencement of her religious experience, her soul dwelt under a cloud. That "God is love," she read in Scripture; and she also read therein this other declaration—"I am a just God." But, from some mental peculiarity, she was not able to see how, in forgiving her for past transgressions, God could be in harmony with himself.

"He must be just as well as merciful," I heard her remark, one evening, to a friend. The answer, to which I listened, went over the common ground of atonement for the satisfaction of justice. I watched Mrs. Olney's face. It did not brighten. The argument failed.

"Yes—yes—I understand all that," was her answer.

"And are you not satisfied to rest here?" asked the friend.

"No," was the deponent reply.

"Why not?"

"Simply, because having broken the law, and thus offended God, I cannot see how forgiveness is possible. My early life was an insult to Him. I made light of His precepts; I scorned the offers of salvation. When He said, 'Give me thy heart,' I turned from Him, and laid my heart an offering upon the shrine of this wicked world. And now, when I seek Him, He hides His face from me. I am in terror, but He mocks at my fear."

"Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." So answered the friend in words of divine truth.

I again observed the lady's face, to see how this clear declaration would effect her. For a moment it seemed to lighten; but the shadow was not lifted.

"It must be regarded only as an appearance that God is angry," I ventured here to remark. "Divine love—infinite compassion—are qualities adverse to anger. The wicked, under such suffering and restraint, as are the consequences of evil, naturally enough attribute their pains to the angry punishment of an offended God. And when God speaks in warning to the wicked, it is as a father to his disobedient children. He appears with signs of anger, though love and compassion are in his heart. There is a state of evil

among men, which will obey no law but that of fear. The sword must be unsheathed, and the right arm bared, or the wicked will not submit. This is the state addressed, when anger and punishment are spoken of in the Word; God's infinite love, which yearns over every creature, veiling itself under forms of wrath."

She listened calmly, and with evident interest; and did not offer any suggestions adverse to what I had said. Still, I could see no light drifting through the shadows on her face. Her mental condition interested me, and I endeavored to comprehend its meaning; but, after a long conversation, I found myself unable to get down to the real cause of her morbid state. To the clearest teaching of the Bible, and the fairest conclusions drawn therefrom, she had only her doubts to oppose. There they were, enshrouding her like a pall, and no sun-rays of truth seemed strong enough to scatter them.

"I cannot see it," was the answer she gave; "and unless I can see it, what help for me is there in all you say?"

I was interested in Mrs. Olney. So far as her outward life was concerned, she lived in obedience to the precepts of religion. She was always in her place at church, and among the foremost in the various uses of church membership—a devout worshipper, and a doer of good deeds. If any, it seemed to me, were to live in the sunshine of spiritual confidence, her sky, of all others, should have been clear. But, clouds and obscurity were there.

"Do you know Mrs. Olney?" I inquired of a most excellent lady, who was a member of the same church to which Mrs. Olney belonged.

"I used to know her," was the answer received. "But we have not spoken for ten years."

"I am sorry to hear you say this," I returned.

"Mrs. Olney is a true woman, if I read her aright."

"There is much in her character that I admire," said the lady, "and from all that I hear of her, she is trying to lead a good and useful life. But, she bears in her heart a spirit of unforgiveness."

"Towards whom?" I asked.

"Towards me," she answered. "I was so unfortunate as to offend her very deeply. The cause of offence I will not excuse. The act, on my part, has been sorely repented—I have suffered, on account thereof, painful humiliation of spirit. I condemn it as wrong—I have put far from me the spirit by which it was inspired; and I believe, that, as a sin before God, it is not kept in remembrance against me. If Mrs. Olney could only forget and forgive!"

I had now the clue to Mrs. Olney's state. It

was her own unforgiving spirit that clouded her mind. In her idea of God, there was an attribution of perverted human passions; and as she was not able to reach a state of forgiveness towards her friend, so she found it impossible to understand how God could put aside anger and receive her with divine forgiveness.

"Have you made efforts towards a reconciliation?" I asked.

"Not of late. After she became a member of our church, I several times purposely threw myself in her way; but she refused to meet my advances. Once, happening to be in the same company, where conversation was general, I responded to a remark which she had just made; but she took no notice of me whatever. On another occasion we were introduced by a mutual friend, who was not aware that we had met before; when she bowed icily, not even offering her hand—and after standing in silence for a few moments, turned away, and moved to a distant part of the room."

"Has she spoken against you?" I further inquired.

"I fear that she has, judging from the manner of a few who are her intimate friends. In several instances, I have observed a drawing off from me, and a standing at a distance, of persons who were once familiar and friendly. The cause of this, right or wrong, I have laid at her door. Not that I believe her capable of trying to injure me through indulgence of any vindictive spirit—for I think better of her Christianity than that; but, not having forgiven me in her heart, she finds it impossible to think of me as being in any essential degree changed from what I was ten or fifteen years ago, and so not only retains her old dislike, but infuses something of its quality into the minds of her intimate friends."

Now I understood Mrs. Olney's case better. At our next meeting, I so managed the conversation, that it drifted towards herself and her unhappy state of mind. Shadows gathered over her face; all cheerfulness died away from her tones.

"I have thought of you a great deal, since our last conversation," said I.

This expression of interest naturally opened her mind to anything I might say.

"The hindrance," I added, "must be in yourself; for, it cannot be in God."

"If I knew the hindrance!" she sighed heavily.

"Is it not possible," I suggested, "that somewhere in your heart, hidden away from distinct consciousness, dwells an unforgiving spirit?"

Her eyes were cast down as I spoke; but, she raised them instantly from the floor, in a half-startled way, fixing upon me a look of inquiry.

"It often happens," I continued, "that our ideas of God take the hue of interior states. We can only think of Him, as like-minded with ourselves. Angry at sin, because we are angry when the laws we make are violated; unforgiving, because

we cannot forgive those who trespass against us."

She dropped her startled eyes away from mine, and let them rest upon the floor again.

"There may be much involved in what you say," she remarked, not long afterwards, in a subdued voice. "Some things are hard to forgive," she added, like one thinking aloud.

"And yet," I ventured to say, "only in the degree that we forgive men their trespasses, can we expect God to forgive our trespasses—in other words, there must be a forgiving state in our own hearts, before we can have any realizing sense of the Lord's infinite forgiveness."

Evidently thought, with her, was flowing in a new direction. I did not think it well to press the subject, but left her to continue, or change it, as she might feel inclined.

"Do you really think," she asked, "that God only forgives us in the degree that we exercise forgiveness towards others?"

"Literally, that is the teaching of Scripture," was my reply. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." But, going past the literal sense of this law, let us get down to its spirit. A state of true religion is a state of love—love to God and the neighbor. If we cannot forgive, we cannot love. God is not angry—He does not decline forgiveness—but, because of our unforgiving states, He cannot dwell with us in love. Ever He stands at the door, knocking, and asking for entrance. It is for us to open the door, by removing the evil things set in it as bars and bolts; and until we do this, He cannot enter."

A window was opened in the mind of Mrs. Olney, through which clearer light came in. What she had regarded as only a just displeasure towards one who had injured her in past times, but whose life in the present was, to human eyes, blameless, she now saw to have in it the hard qualities of an unforgiving spirit. It was for what had been done to her, that she retained dislike. Mrs. Olney belonged to that class of persons, who, when clearly satisfied in regard to any course of action, move forward with resolute self-compulsion. First she decided, that, as a Christian woman, she could no longer hold towards the lady of whom I have spoken, the attitude of a stranger. Next came the question as to how the lady was to be approached—whether formally, and with oral reference to the past; or, by friendly advances, when next they happened to be thrown together in company. The latter method was chosen; and the opportunity was not long delayed. I was present, and witnessed the unobtrusive scene. Perhaps no other person had any conception of what it involved.

The lady referred to, as having given offence to Mrs. Olney years before, was sitting on one end of a sofa. She had been conversing with a friend who had just risen and crossed the room, leaving

the place at her side vacant. At this moment, I saw Mrs. Olney quietly pass over, and occupy the seat, offering her hand as she sat down. The hand was taken and held—not at once relinquished. Both faces were in full view. That of Mrs. Olney was considerably heightened in color; but, its expression, though subdued, was frank and kind. Over the other face, light was leaping; and I saw sudden tears almost brimming the eyes. Only for a short time, the natural embarrassment of this meeting continued. The tender of forgiveness and Christian fellowship—for all that was involved—was so gladly accepted, that Mrs. Olney felt her heart beginning to warm and glow, almost immediately, with new-born pleasures.

For nearly the whole of that evening, these two old friends, between whom a gulf of years had, in a moment, been bridged over, kept close together. There was, in Mrs. Olney's countenance, a new expression. All the clouds which had rested over it for so long a period were swept away, and peace dwelt there amid sunshine. The reconciliation was complete. From that hour, they became tenderly attached to each other; and were inseparable co-workers in all the external things appertaining to their church membership.

"You have come up from the valley of doubt," I said, in meeting her not long afterwards.

"Yes," she answered. "I am not troubled as in former times. That strange, shadowed state of the soul no longer exists."

"Were you conscious when and how it passed

away? There is a lesson in your experience, from which others may profit."

Mrs. Olney reflected for a little while.

"It was all here," and she laid her hand over her heart. "God's love was not withholden. The obstruction was in me. The memory of wrong was cherished, brooded over, held almost as a sweet morsel under my tongue. Not being able to forgive, I could not realize the possibility of forgiveness in God. The words of Scripture were plain enough; and I tried to rest on them with confidence. But, external faith and interior conviction, are very different things. I was in darkness and doubt, and there seemed no hope for me. But, when the law of forgiveness ruled in my own soul, doubt and darkness fled away. It seemed as if I had passed from a narrow, suffocating chamber, out into the free air, and under a cloudless sky. In the freedom of my new state, I am in wonder at the bondage from which I have been delivered. The process of cause and effect, I am unable to follow. I only know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. God has not changed, for he is unchangeable. My own state has governed all."

And so it is in every religious experience. Our own states determine our ideas of God. He is to us an angry God, because we are angry and vindictive towards others; a hard exacter of legal penalties, because we will have the uttermost farthing; slow to forgive, because there is a spirit of unforgiveness in our hearts. But, when love dwells with us, He is love.

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Childhood's Sorrows.

BY J. E. M'C.

Mothers often greatly err in undervaluing the little griefs and disappointments of childhood. The trifles which give them pain and trouble would be nothing to us, so we unreasonably exact of them the same indifference. Did you ever reflect how different the same scene looks at your own height, from that point at which your little child must view it? If not, you will realize it by stooping down beside him and taking in a view of the same landscape. So mothers should learn to place themselves at the child's mental stand-point in all their dealings with them.

A lady of great strength of mind and fine sensibilities, once told a friend that she never suffered more acutely, than once in childhood when her mother carelessly swept into the fire some of the shining silk of the milk-weed plant. She had found it for the first time in some of her little

walks, and was greatly delighted with her treasure, laying it out in parcels, thinking what enjoyment she would have over it with her little companions, assigning its various uses in her simple domestic economy. Her mother entered, and finding the litter on the carpet, hastily and coldly swept it all into the fire, despite the child's entreaties. The poor grieved little thing fled away almost distracted, and for several days could scarcely bear to look on her mother's face. To her it was as real a source of anguish, as for the millionaire to see all his choice possessions swept away by the devouring flame.

Oh mother, learn to reverence every tender, loving thing in your little child's nature. The world will harden it soon enough, without your hand aiding in the work. Enter feelingly into its little joys, and add to them the double pleasure of your approving smile. Sympathize with its little griefs, and comfort with cheering words of tender love the little sobbing bosom. "As one whom his

mother comforteth"—what sweeter figure could the kind Father above employ to express his tender pity for his sorrowing children.

Christian mother, be faithful to your solemn trust; then, when angel voices shall shout the harvest-home, you may stand before the great white throne and answer to the great summons—"Here am I, Lord, and the children whom thou hast given me."

Fault-Finding.

Mr. Abbott, in his "Mother at Home," says:—

Do not be continually finding fault with your children. It is at times necessary to censure and to punish. But very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be therefore more careful to express your approbation of good conduct, than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding, on the part of its parent. And hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and the child. There are two great motives influencing human actions; hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by the desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that it is useless to try to please. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last, finding that, whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

But let a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behaviour makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please, by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit. Your child has been, during the day, very pleasant and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep for the night, you take his hand and say, "My son, you have been a very good boy to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves children who are dutiful to their parents, and He promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is, to him, a great reward. And when, with a more than ordinarily affectionate tone, you say, "Good night, my dear son," he leaves the room with his little heart full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep, he is happy, and resolves that he will always try to do his duty.

Basil Hall thus describes the effects produced on board ship, by the different modes of government adopted by different commanders.

"Whenever one of these commanding officers," speaking of a fault-finding captain, "came on board the ship, after an absence of a day or two, and likewise when he made his periodical round of the decks after breakfast, his constant habit was to cast his eye about him, in order to discover what was wrong; to detect the smallest thing that was out of its place; in a word, to find as many grounds for censure as possible. This constituted, in his opinion, the best preventive to neglect, on the part of those under his command; and he acted in this crusty way on principle. The attention of the other officer, on the contrary, appeared to be directed chiefly to those points which he could approve of. For instance, he would stop as he went along, from time to time, and say to the first lieutenant, 'Now, these ropes are very nicely arranged; this mode of stowing the men's bags and mess kits is just as I wish to see it;' while the officer first described would not only pass by these well-arranged things, which had cost hours of labor to put in order, quite unnoticed, but would not be easy till his eye had caught hold of some casual omission which afforded an opening for disapprobation.

"One of these captains would remark to the first lieutenant, as he walked along, 'How white and clean you have got the decks to-day! I think you must have been at them all the morning, to have got them into such order.' The other, in similar circumstances, but eager to find fault, would say, even if the decks were as white and clean as drifted snow, 'I wish you would teach these sweepers to clear away that bundle of shavings!' pointing to a bit of rope yarn not half an inch long left under the truck of a gun. It seemed, in short, as if nothing was more vexatious to one of these officers, than to discover things so correct as to afford him no good opportunity for finding fault; while, to the other, the necessity of censuring really appeared a punishment to himself.

"Under the one, accordingly, we all worked with cheerfulness, from a conviction that nothing we did in a proper way would miss approbation.

"But our duty under the other, being performed in fear, seldom went on with much spirit. We had no personal satisfaction in doing these things correctly, from the certainty of getting no commendation.

"The great chance, also, of being censured, even in those cases where we had labored most industriously to merit approbation, broke the spring of all generous exertion, and by teaching us to anticipate blame as a matter of course, defeated the very purpose of punishment when it fell upon us. The case being quite hopeless, the chastisement seldom conducted either to the amendment of an offender, or to the prevention of offences. But what seemed the oddest thing of all was, that these

men were both as kind-hearted as could be; or, if there were any difference, the fault-finder was the better-natured, and, in matters not professional, the more indulgent of the two.

"The line of conduct I have described was purely a matter of official system, not at all of feeling. Yet, as it then appeared, and still appears to me, nothing could be more completely erroneous than the snarling method of the one, or more decidedly calculated to do good than the approving style of the other. It has, in fact, always appeared to me an absurdity, to make any real distinction between public and private matters in these respects.

"Nor is there the smallest reason why the same principle of civility, or consideration, or by whatever name that quality be called, by which the feelings of others are consulted, should not modify professional intercourse quite as much as it does that of the freest society, without any risk that the requisite strictness of discipline would be hurt by an attention to good manners.

"The desire of discovering that things are right, and a sincere wish to express our approbation, are habits which, in almost every situation in life, have the best possible effects in practice.

"They are vastly more agreeable certainly to the superior himself, whether he be the colonel of a regiment, the captain of a ship, or the head of a house; for the mere act of approving seldom fails to put a man's thoughts into that pleasant train which predisposes him to be habitually pleased,

and this frame of mind alone, essentially helps the propagation of a similar cheerfulness among all those who are about him. It requires, indeed, but a very little experience of soldiers or sailors, children, servants, or any other kind of dependents, or even of companions and superiors, to show that this good-humor, on the part of those whom we wish to influence, is the best possible condutor to our schemes of management, whatever these may be."

The judicious bestowal of approbation is of the first importance in promoting obedience, and in cultivating in the bosom of your child affectionate and cheerful feelings. Let your smiles animate your boy's heart, and cheer him on in duty. When he returns from school, with his clothes clean and his countenance happy, reward him with the manifestation of a mother's love. This will be the strongest incentive to neatness and care. An English gentleman used to encourage his little children to early rising, by calling the one who first made her appearance in the parlor in the morning, Lark. The early riser was addressed by that name during the day. This slight expression of parental approval was found sufficient to call up all the children to the early enjoyment of the morning air. A child often makes a very great effort to do something to merit a smile from its mother. And most bitter tears are frequently shed because parents do not sufficiently sympathize in these feelings.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

Hospital Nurse.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Why, Constance, you're not in earnest?" said mamma, looking up from the newspaper which the carrier had flung into the door only a moment before.

"Yes I am, Mary, thoroughly. I have made up my mind to go beyond the possibility of change, and I shall leave next week."

There was a look in Aunt Constance's voice which was like her words, and both made me feel that her mind was made up—that neither entreaty nor argument would avail to change her decision. I think mamma felt the same, for she looked at her sister in an amazed, bewildered sort of way.

"Constance Weldon, have you lost your wits?" she asked.

"I think I was never in fuller possession of all my faculties, such as they are," said Aunt Constance, with that little, sweet, flickering laugh of hers, that is pleasanter to hear than any tune I know of.

"But for you to take into your head to go down

there as hospital nurse! Oh, Constance, you haven't counted the cost. I love my country. I believe I am a patriotic woman, and hope I would not falter at almost any sacrifice for the triumph of our cause. But *this* one isn't demanded of you. What will you do, Constance Weldon, down there amid those horrible spectacles of bleeding, suffering, dying men. How can *your* eyes bear the sight of their ghastly wounds—how can your ears hear their moans of suffering, you whose nature is so sensitive, and whose whole life has been so tenderly sheltered from all sorrow? And then think, too, what you will have to endure when the hot weather sets in, in that southern climate. Think of the labors that will wear you by day, and the long nights when you can have no rest, because the sick and the dying about you will need your care. No, no, Constance, your duty doesn't lie in this direction."

"Mary," said Aunt Constance, getting up from her chair, and pacing rapidly across the room, while a sudden light spread itself all over her face, until I could think of nothing but the light as it breaks over the hills at dawn, "I have grown sick

of my life of indolence and selfishness, for such it seems to me at this time. What good am I doing in my day and generation—what better is the world because I live in it? I have grown tired of my wasted life—my heart and my conscience have lifted themselves and reproached me, that while others are dying for my country, I am idling away my time to little purpose or use. I am sick of my life—sick of myself for it; and, Mary, I have solemnly covenanted with myself to do this thing. Because I have been reared tenderly and delicately, shall my weak heart shrink from witnessing sufferings that perhaps I may alleviate; and if I die in this work—why, I shall only follow the noble company of men and women who have sacrificed their lives for their country; and what is living worth which has no object and no service. No, Mary, the way lies clear before me, and if it is to death, why, I must make the sacrifice."

Mamma did not say any more. She only leaned her head on her hand and burst into tears. Aunt Constance cried too. She is mamma's only sister. Uncle Henry has gone to the war, and since grand-papa died, my aunt has come to live with us. I have heard my mamma say that Constance was always the idol of the family. She is beautiful, my Aunt Constance—with her dark blue eyes, her lips like the roses of June, and her sweet and gracious manner always wins the hearts of all little children. I knew papa, who sets so much store by her, would be very reluctant to have her go; but when mamma related to him the conversation she had had with her sister, papa said,

"Mary, I haven't one word to say. If Constance feels that her duty is here, it is ours to let her go, with God's blessing, and he can take care of her among those sick and dying men, whom her face may cheer, or her voice may comfort, as well as here. Be brave, Mary, and give your best gift—your only sister—to this work." And so Aunt Constance gave us her blessing and went.

The dead summer heats are upon us now, and she, my sweet and gentle aunt, is far away among such fearful scenes and work that it makes me shudder only to think of it. Sick and dying soldiers are all about her. The ghastly spectacle of broken, and maimed, and scarred limbs, greet her eyes by night and by day; and yet her last letter read,

"Oh, brother and sister, beloved, I was never quite so happy as I am now. All my energies have opportunity for action, and I am busy from morning until night, or from night until morning, and only have time to snatch sleep enough to prepare me for more work—work which is a pleasure, because it is relieving the suffering and administering to the need of others.

"I cannot tell you what scenes I have witnessed in these hospitals, but they will inhabit my memory forever, making me, I trust, a wiser and a better woman! Three days ago, as I was walking

through one of the rooms, a voice called my name, and turning hastily, I saw a pale, almost boyish face, with dark mournful eyes, bent eagerly upon mine. There was something familiar in those thin, young features, but although I felt confident I had met them before, I was unable to say *how* or *where*.

"Don't you know me, Miss Constance?" asked the white lips of the young soldier.

"I shook my head, and asked his name.

"You haven't forgotten Robert English?"

"Robert English!" I said, "what, the little curly headed boy that has been with his sister, Carrie English and me, so many pleasant summer mornings to gather berries on the hills of Woburn?"

"The soldier burst into tears—

"Oh, Miss Constance," said he, "I shall go up on those hills again to gather berries, nor through the pines, nor over the old bridge, no more."

"I cried too, and tried to comfort him with encouragements of his recovery; but alas! when I saw the surgeon he shook his head, and said, 'the young man's wound in the thigh, was a very bad one, a very bad one!' and I knew what that meant. I thought of the young soldier's widowed mother and only sister, and my heart ached sharply for them.

"Every moment that I could spare, I was at the soldier's bedside. He liked to hold my hand, and to hear me talk to him of home and the dear familiar faces and scenes. But I saw that he was failing rapidly, and at last, I nerved myself to say, 'Robert, you will never see that old home again, but in a little while I hope you will see another, dearer and happier than that, and where no sorrow will ever enter.' He understood me, and with the tears pouring slowly over his pale face he said,

"Oh, Miss Constance, I'm not fit to enter there."

"None of us are, dear Robert, else Christ would not have come that they which believe on Him should have eternal life. I said much more; he lay very still, breathlessly devouring every word. As the day drew towards night, I saw a change was coming over him, and he whispered,

"Wont you take my hand, Constance, and repeat—

'Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

"When I had finished the beautiful hymn he looked up in my face and smiled a smile I shall never forget.

"Oh, Constance," he said, 'you have done me good!' And then he added, 'When I'm gone take a lock of my hair and send it to mother, and tell her, her boy left good-bye for her, and that he wasn't afraid—he wasn't afraid; for he knew in whom he trusted.'

"And these were the last words of Robert English, and standing by his bedside I blessed God that he had put it into my heart to come to the hospitals."

The Pet Squirrel.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

"Ida, Ida, run here quickly, and see what I've got for you." The silvery notes of Herbert Harrell's voice fluttered out joyously, as he called to his little sister.

Ida dropped her rag-doll and scampered out on to the porch, the waves of rich blood rippling over her face like a flood of moss-roses. Her brother stood holding something in his hat, while his eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"What is it, Herbert? Do let me see! Oh dear! dear! if it isn't just the *sweetest* little squirrel I ever saw in all my life. Where *did* you get it—the wee, pretty thing? Mayn't I hold it just a minute—*please*, brother Herbert?"

Ida held out her hands coaxingly, and Herbert took the squirrel out of his hat very carefully, and gave it to her.

"Take care, and don't let it get away, Ida. It's the wildest thing you ever did see. I tell you I had a hard time to catch it! We boys were gathering nuts down at the beech tree in the hollow, when all at once I noticed that the nuts commenced rattling down from the tree, and looking up, I saw this little squirrel sitting there as happy as a king, holding the nuts in its paws and eating out the kernels. You've no idea how cunning it looked. Just the minute I saw it I told the boys we must have it, and I commenced climbing the tree; but it jumped from one branch to another, just as easily as I can walk across the floor, and seemed to dare me to get hold of it. But at last it got scared and ran into a little hole in the top of the tree, and tucked itself up in the leaves. I expect it thought I couldn't find it, but I just reached my hand in and pulled it out, and brought it right home to you. Now you will never call me a bad boy again as long as you live, will you, Ida, after I've brought you such a pretty present?"

"Goody! goody! I'm so glad I don't know what to do!" said Ida. "It is really mine to keep, then, Herbert? O, thank you! ever so many times. Oh! I'm so glad." And she danced over the porch in her joy.

All at once she stopped, and her little face looked sad and sober.

"But, Herbert, it looks so scared, poor little thing! What if it should die? I'd be so sorry, because you know it would be very wicked to take it out of the woods where it was happy, and scare and starve it to death."

"Nonsense, sister Ida—no danger of its being scared to death, and we won't let it starve, for I know ever so many things to give it. It will eat any kind of nuts and corn, and drink water; and then there's a tin cage in the garret, made on purpose for squirrels, with doors and windows, and a wheel that will turn round when it gets tired of doing

nothing and wants to run. So you see it is all right, after all. You girls are always so babyish about such things, though, and never know how to do anything right."

Herbert was really a good little boy, but he couldn't help wishing his sister had been a boy too, so that instead of playing with dolls, she could have been climbing around in the trees with him; and he liked very much to try to make his sister think that boys were smarter than girls.

Ida was so busy looking at the squirrel that she didn't pay any attention to him; so after he had strutted up and down the porch awhile, with his hands in his pockets, and his soldier cap set on one side of his head, feeling as if he must be quite as large and important as a man, he ran up to the garret and brought down the cage.

Ida clapped her hands with delight, when she saw the squirrel in its small house. It was the prettiest thing you ever saw, my little readers. Its hair was as soft as silk, and just the color of the little mice you see sometimes; and it had two bright eyes that shone like stars, and the daintiest ears and head, and four of the cunningest little feet, and a long bushy tail that it curled up over its head when it was eating. You've no idea how pretty it *did* look. Maybe some of you have pet squirrels of your own, if you have, you know all about them.

Ida's squirrel didn't seem to want to eat much. It was afraid of her, because it had always lived in the woods where no person could get to it. As soon as it saw Ida coming, it would run into the upper story of its cage, and she couldn't coax it to come down, though she tried very hard. Herbert told her it would come down the next morning, so she put the cage where the old cat couldn't get to it, and went to her supper.

They kept it for two days, but they couldn't get it to eat enough even to keep a squirrel alive, and they began to be afraid it would starve, sure enough. So one day Herbert put his hand in the cage and pulled it out, and fastened it up in the wheel, so that it couldn't get back again. It bit his finger till the blood came, and made him so angry he wanted to kill it, but Ida coaxed him not to hurt the dear little thing.

When they tried to put nuts between the bars of its cage, it would strike at them and try to bite them. Then it would climb up and gnaw at the wheel and try to get out, and growl if they even put their fingers close to it.

Herbert thought it was very funny to see it out such tantrums, but Ida couldn't help feeling sorry for the poor animal; and all the time she was at school that morning, she couldn't keep her mind on her studies, for thinking how it acted and how much it wanted to get away. The more she thought of it, the more badly she felt, till at last she determined to go home and take the cage out in the orchard and let the squirrel loose. Then

if Herbert wanted to know what became of it, she could tell him it just got away from her.

But this plan didn't suit, for she knew that would be acting a lie, and her mother had always told her that it was just as wicked to act a lie, as it was to tell one. So she made up her mind to tell Herbert the truth about it. On their way home, she told him how wicked it must be, to take any live thing from its home, and fasten it up where it couldn't be happy and free.

Then she asked him if he didn't think it would be very cruel for some great giant to come along and carry them off, and fasten them up in a little dungeon, where they couldn't see anybody they loved, or hear the birds sing, or see the bright sunshine. She said she knew very well they couldn't be happy then, even if the giant *did* give them as much as they could eat, and that for her part, she wouldn't eat or do anything else to please him, and that she would bite him and hurt him if she could.

Herbert looked very serious, and after thinking about it awhile, he said:

"Well, Ida, I don't much believe I should like to be kept a prisoner, just to please some huge old monster, and I don't expect that poor little squirrel likes to be in a prison to please us; so we'll go home and let it out, if you say so, though I got it just to please you. Boys have something to do besides petting squirrels."

So the two children trotted along home, and Herbert carried the cage down to the beech tree and let the squirrel go. As soon as it found it was free, it darted off through the leaves as quick as you could think. How it did jump and scamper, it was so glad to be at liberty once more. It ran into

the beech tree and frisked around, and jumped from limb to limb, and curled up its bushy tail, and did so many funny things that the children laughed till they almost cried.

Then they took the cage and went back home again, both of them feeling very happy, because they knew they had done right; and my little readers know that the good are always happy.

The best of it all was, their father and mother found out what good children they had been, and two or three days afterwards, when they sat down to supper, Ida found one of the most beautiful doll's lying beside her plate. Its eyes were as black as jet, and its cheeks were as red as strawberries, and it had dark curly hair, and lips that looked like ripe cherries. Then it had on a white crape dress trimmed in pink ribbon, and a pink silk scarf on its shoulders; and pinned on dolly's dress was a little slip of paper that said:

"To Ida Harrell, from papa and mamma; because she is a good, loving little girl."

Then on Herbert's plate, was a penknife that had four of the sharpest blades in it, and every one of them shone like silver, and beside his knife was another slip of paper, saying almost what Ida's did. Oh! you'd better believe they were happy little children that night—happy because they had done right, and because they had such beautiful presents.

So you see that you ought always to be kind and loving to every thing and every body around you, for it will make you happier, even if you don't get any nice presents when you do right, as little Ida and Herbert did.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.—There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or the parlor; it runs away he knows not how, and that demon Waste cries, "More!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife's to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interests should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children! This should

be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune, as he can in the counting-room or the workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance, the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

INSOLUBLE CEMENT.—A Frenchman has discovered an insoluble cement in the common snail. Who has not had to lament the fracture of some choice article of glass or china, and to complain of the various cements that are sold everywhere as infallible remedies for all fractures? They either

will not hold the broken parts together, or they leave a dark ugly line that grows black with time. Now, at the extremity of the snail's body there is a little white bladder containing a gelatinous, fat-looking substance. If this be extracted, and the liquid applied to the broken edges of the glass or china, and time given for this natural cement to dry, the parts will hold together so firmly that the mended article is stronger at the united parts than elsewhere. You may break the article, but cannot separate the parts.

TO COPY FERNS.—The most perfect and beautiful copies imaginable of ferns may be made by thoroughly saturating them in common porter, and then laying them flat between white sheets of paper (without more pressure than the leaves of an ordinary book bear to each other), and let them dry out.

TO PREVENT SHOES FROM CREAKING.—Apply a little olive oil, rubbed into the sole, especially about the waist and ball. It was done, and found perfectly successful. In boots intended for out-of-door wear, it would be as well to avoid letting the oil get into the seams, as it might, by dissolving the wax on the thread, be the cause of leakage.

WET CLOTHES.—Handle a wet hat as lightly as possible. Wipe it as dry as you can with a silk handkerchief; and when nearly dry, use a soft brush. If the fur stick together in any part, damp it lightly with a sponge dipped in beer, or vinegar, and then brush it till dry. Put the stick or stretcher into a damp hat, to keep it in proper shape. When a coat gets wet, wipe it down the way of the nap with a sponge or silk handkerchief. Do not put wet boots or shoes near the fire.

TO SILVER IVORY.—Immerse the ivory in a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and let it remain until the solution has given it a deep yellow color: then take it out and immerse it in a tumbler of clean water, exposing it (in the water) to the rays of the sun. In about three hours the ivory assumes a black color; but this black surface, when rubbed, is soon changed to a brilliant silver.

HAIR BRUSHES.—To clean hair brushes, put a spoonful of pearl-ash into a pint of boiling water, then fasten a bit of sponge to the end of a stick, dip it into the solution, and wash the brush. Next pour some hot water over it, and dry before the fire.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve and mix it with water; then rub it well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed; then wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

CURDS AND WHEY—ITALIAN METHOD.—Take several of the rough coats that line the gizzards of turkeys and fowls, cleanse from the dirt, rub well with salt, and hang them up to dry; when required for use, break off some of the skin, pour boiling water on, digest for eight or nine hours, and use the same as rennet.

TO RAISE THE PILE OF VELVET WHEN PRESSED DOWN.—Cover a hot smoothing iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet firmly over it; the vapor arising will raise the pile of the velvet with the assistance of a light whisk.

EFFERVESCING LEMONADE.—Boil two pounds of white sugar with a pint of lemon-juice, bottle and cork. Put a table-spoonful of the syrup into a tumbler about three parts full of cold water, add twenty grains of carbonate of soda, and drink quickly.

A CHEAP COLLODION.—Steep white printing or machine paper in concentrated sulphuric acid from five to eight minutes, and then wash and dry it. It becomes now as stiff as parchment; and if we cut it up small and digest it in ether we obtain a substance not very different from common collodion, at a much cheaper price.

THE BEAUTIFUL EYES OF CHILDREN.—A child's eyes—those clear wells of thought—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest! in joy, how sparkling! in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tries the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes by a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value.

HAPPINESS OF DUTY.—There is a pleasure in the performance of our duties as well as in the enjoyment of our delights. Fireside pleasures mingle with fireside duties, and both make up the sustaining element for life's journey, and rob some of the graver realities that surround us, of much of their harshness. Friends gather round us, and the old ones are not exchanged for the new, and in all our hours with those we love we have delicious ponderings, which ripple through the frame like a clear brook over a pebbled bed, and we are grateful that we have a mind that can be lulled into gentleness, and a heart that we could wish to beat only to the gentle music "of flutes and soft recorders."

As the shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves the greatest.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write something worth reading, or do something worth writing.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Insanity.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

Bereft of reason! who would be
Of this blessed boon debarred?
Whose feelings at insanity
Are not with pity stirred?

In a previous article, we stated that insanity is often so slight as to attract but little attention at first, and might often be prevented by due attention to the means of removal of the cause, if the cause was more generally understood by the friends of the afflicted.

This opinion is confirmed by the experience of physicians and managers of insane asylums, and they often earnestly urge upon all physicians the duty of giving more particular attention to this disease, that they may be prepared to advise the friends of the unhappy sufferer as to the best method of recovery in different circumstances.

The healthful action of the brain is disturbed by various causes; and for the benefit of the afflicted, and the hope of preventing some affliction, we condense a few remarks on this much dreaded disease.

It is said that in China, Persia, Hindoostan, Spain, Portugal, and among uncivilized races, insanity seldom occurs. It prevails in all countries where there is great intellectual activity, and much political or religious discussion.

It is reported that most cases of insanity occur in England, France, Germany and the United States.

Events that excite deep feeling among the inhabitants greatly multiply cases of insanity. At the present time great self-command needs to be exercised by all classes of society—great submission to the bereavements that will otherwise cause thousands of hearts to bleed, and reason to reel. All need to imitate Christ, when about to drink His bitter cup—to pray like Him, in view of their afflictions, not my will but Thine, O Lord, be done.

Though God sometimes moves in a mysterious or unpleasant way to perform his wonders, and mortals do not plainly see His hand at all times, all should be calm and know that God rules. The works of His hands are seen in the tornado, the storm and the earthquake that devastates, and none may reproachfully ask Him, why doest thou this? So also the present calamities that overshadow this land, bringing death, wounds and desolation to many otherwise pleasant homes, need to be borne with resignation.

Insanity was increased by the French Revolution in France, and by the American Revolution in this country, and will doubtless be so now; but all should endeavor to be as calm as possible. Scenes

that excite deep feeling should be dwelt upon as little as possible. The brain and nervous system is often unhealthfully impressed by slight incidents, and much more so by heart-rending ones.

Over-excitement of the nervous system, produces dangerous results to the health of body or mind, and when long continued may destroy the strongest mental or physical powers.

The indulgence of a morbid appetite in things that are not essential to the growth, strength and sustenance of the human system, predisposes to this and many other diseases.

Intense mental excitement of whatever kind, tends to establish this disease. All persons should have their attention diverted from its source of anxiety, by the earliest and most judicious means in the power of their friends. Troublesome themes should not be mentioned to them by any one, and friends should use the utmost caution and skill to divert their minds to scenes and objects of interest. A visit to works of art or nature, with a companion that can pleasantly direct the attention, or a journey, may often do great good. Instruction in some useful or ornamental branches of labor, or in sciences that do not require much mental effort, may prove beneficial, and may often be so conducted by judicious friends, as to remove the disease before it becomes publicly known.

That the welfare of the human race, and the comfort of individuals, be promoted, all knowledge of this alarming disease, its modes of prevention, treatment or cure, should be carefully studied.

Intemperate parents and those of ungovernable temper often transmit this disease, or a predisposition to it, to their offspring. Fear is often an exciting cause of this disease. Exposure of the extremities to cold or dampness often causes this disease, by preventing an equal circulation to all parts of the system. The absorption of heat by cold or moisture drives the blood from the surface to the brain or other internal organs, causing disease of those organs.

Intense mental excitement increases the flow of blood to the brain, and when often repeated, or long continued, produces disease of that organ, which manifests itself in various ways. Sometimes this excessive amount of blood upon the brain suddenly terminates life. Fulness, pressure in the head, vertigo, dimness of vision, incapacity of thought, confused ideas, are symptoms which all should heed—change their occupations, exercise in the open air, amuse and divert their minds from care and anxieties, ere insanity or sudden death overtakes them.

When the brain has been long oppressed and the nervous system much weakened, the patient is often incapable of diverting his mind to other themes, and the most judicious care and kindly sympathy

of friends is necessary, to enable him to recover his energies of body and mind.

Unwelcome news, sudden anxiety, or mental excitement, occurring after eating, will put an entire stop to digestion. In such circumstance the stomach and brain react upon and disturb each other, rendering life miserable.

Mental labor should not commence soon after eating; but pleasant relaxation or gentle exercise of the muscles may be continued for a longer or shorter period, depending on a person's strength. Severe mental exercise should be taken in the forenoon, that the vascular action of the brain may have time to subside, so as to obtain sound and refreshing sleep at night.

Failing Eyesight.

Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, gives these rules for preserving the eyesight:

When the sight is beginning to fail, the eyes should be favored as much as possible; this can be done,

1st. By sitting in such a position as will allow the light to fall upon the page or sewing, obliquely over the shoulder.

2d. By not using the eyes for such purposes by any artificial light, or before sunrise, or after sunset.

3d. By avoiding the special use of the eyes in the morning before breakfast.

4th. By resting them for half a minute or so, while reading or sewing, or looking at small objects; by looking at things at a distance or up to the sky, relief is immediately felt by so doing.

5th. Never pick any collected matter from the eye-lashes or corners of the eyes with the finger-nails; rather moisten it with the saliva, and rub it away with the ball of the finger.

6th. Frequently pass the balls of the fingers over the closed eyelids, towards the nose; this carries off any excess of water into the nose itself, by means of the little canal which leads into the nostril from each inner corner of the eye, which canal tends to close up, in consequence of the slight inflammation which attends the weakness of eyes.

7th. Keep the feet always dry and warm, so as to draw any excess of blood from the other end of the body.

8th. Use eye-glasses at first, carried in the vest-pocket, attached to a guard, for they are instantly adjusted to the eye with very little trouble; whereas, if common spectacles are used, such a process is required to get them ready, that to save trouble, the eyes are often strained to answer a purpose.

9th. Wash the eyes abundantly every morning. If cold water is used, let it be flapped against the closed eye with the fingers of the right hand, not striking hard against the balls of the eyes. But it

would seem a better plan to open the eyes in pure warm water, because warm water is more penetrating than cold; it dissolves much more readily and rapidly any hardened matter that may be about the lids, and is more soothing and more natural.

10th. The moment the eyes feel tired, the very moment you are conscious of an effort to read or sew, lay aside the book or needle, and take a walk for an hour, or employ yourself in some active exercise not requiring the close use of the eyes.

Work, and not Play.

Scarcely a day passes, says Dr. Dio Lewis, that some one does not say to me, "Why not urge them to go to work, and turn their muscular exertions to some profit?" The manual-labor schools and colleges which have so deeply interested some of our best and most earnest educators, have been based upon the idea that this needed muscular exercise might be turned to utilitarian purposes. Of course such an alternation of intellectual and bodily exercises is good, and it would certainly seem that such institutions should succeed. It is nevertheless true, they have almost uniformly failed. Their friends have explained these failures in a great variety of ways, but I think a fundamental defect has never been properly considered.

It is a simple physiological fact that the student who has worked hard over his books for hours, does not need more work, not even if it be muscular. What he requires is exhilarating play. He needs to laugh, shout; he needs fun and excitement, something which will not simply exercise the muscles, but will make the blood dash through the brain and give a freshness and elasticity to the mind.

Here is to be found the true defect in the manual-labor schools.

A gymnasium, in which are boisterous, exhilarating games, full of mirth and emulation, will always be instinctively sought by the over-taxed brain.

GRAY HAIR.—The chief causes of grayness of the hair are sickness, anxiety, and sedentary occupations. Laborers whose employments involve healthful exercise in pure atmospheres, and whose diet is simple and wholesome, retain the color of their hair to a late period. Usually, the grayness of the hair is an indication that the bodily fluids have begun to be absorbed, the textures to be dried up and become withered. But frequently the affection is local, not general; accidental, not constitutional. "All whose employment renders much sitting necessary, and little or no exercise possible; all who study much; all who, from whatever cause, have local determinations of blood, particularly if towards the head, are the persons most liable to carry gray hairs."

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

THE OPAL.

Our friends ere this have supplied themselves with the requisite *paradeuses* for summer wear. We therefore anticipate the early autumn styles in this number, in order that they may be aware of some of the more advanced modes.

The *Opal* is a garment which has a shawl-shaped back, with square tabs in front, thus combining the mantilla form with it. The double black border which ornaments it is of black silk; there are also buttons and drops employed as trimming.

The material varies according to the season. Light fabrics, such as *drap d'été*, &c., plaided or plain, being chiefly employed.

It is from the cloak and mantilla establishment

of Messrs. Woods & Schuyler, No. 69 Worth street, New York.

RIDING DRESSES.

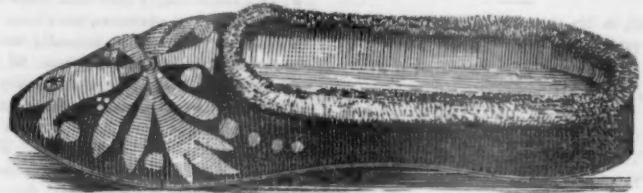
FIG. 1. Habit of gray cloth, the body finished by a heavy silk cord—blue buttons. Felt, or straw hat. Blue silk neck tie.

FIG. 2. Green habit, with blue steel buttons. Cherry neck tie. Leghorn hat with white plume.

MORNING CAPS.

No. 1. Of dotted mull, with lace ruffles, and trimmed with black velvet.

No. 2. Muslin, and worked insertion; ruffles, edged with narrow thread lace. Ribbon trimming to suit the wearer.



CHILD'S SLIPPER IN EMBROIDERY.

This slipper is made of either soft kid leather or black velvet. The ornament upon it is worked in soft silk, in three or four colors, according to the taste of the worker, lined with flannel, and finished with a chenille edging.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NORTH AMERICA. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The West Indies and the Spanish Main." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This edition is published under an arrangement made with the author while in this country, by which he is paid a copyright. In the absence of any law, mutually protective of foreign and native authors, these special arrangements are now frequently made both in England and the United States, and are generally respected by the trade. An international copyright law would effect in an orderly way what a sense of right is now conceding in so many instances.

It is almost impossible to judge of a traveller's title to be regarded as accurate in observation, and just in his estimate of things, until he writes about your own country. Then you can see exactly what he is worth. Under this rule, there are few intelligent American readers who will not, after running over these hasty notes of travel in the United States, find their respect for Mr. Trollope, as a tourist to be relied on, sensibly diminished. His

hits at our faults and peculiarities are all well enough, and we can laugh with him over them. But, when he deals with grave matters of fact, we look for less dogmatism and exaggeration, and more clear-seeing accuracy. Evidently, he has made a book to sell with a class, and made it on the "taking" principle. It is a good romance, founded on facts.

Still, it must in all fairness be admitted, that, considering the short period devoted to observation, and the ground surveyed and described, Mr. Trollope is entitled to the praise of getting pretty near the truth on a large number of subjects. He might have been excused, under the circumstances, if he had done worse. This book, two volumes in one, is issued at the remarkably low price of 62½ cents. It is handsomely printed and bound, in the style of one dollar and twenty-five cent books.

In reviewing his six hundred pages on the United States, the result of six months' observation, the author's sober second thought comes in, and it is but fair that he should have the benefit of this

Under the impulse of first impressions, and while the range of observation was yet limited, much came, naturally, from the pen that could not stand fair, even in the writer's eyes, when viewed from higher and better positions. Speaking in a concluding chapter, of what he had written about Boston, he says:—

"My weeks in Boston had not been very many, but nevertheless there were haunts there which I knew as though my feet had trodden them for years. There were houses to which I could have gone with my eyes blindfold; doors of which the latches were familiar to my hands; faces which I knew so well that they had ceased to put on for me the fictitious smiles of courtesy. Faces, houses, doors, and haunts, where are they now? For me they are as though they had never been. They are among the things which one would fain remember as one remembers a dream. Look back on it as a vision and it is all pleasant. But if you realize your vision and believe your dream to be a fact, all your pleasure is obliterated by regret.

"I know that I shall never again be at Boston, and that I have said that about the Americans which would make me unwelcome as a guest if I were there. It is in this that my regret consists;—for this reason that I would wish to remember so many social hours as though they had been passed in sleep. They who will expect blessings from me, will say among themselves that I have cursed them. As I read the pages which I have written, I feel that words which I intended for blessings when I prepared to utter them have gone nigh to turn themselves into curses."

He then adds:—"I have ever admired the United States as a nation. I have loved their liberty, their prowess, their intelligence, and their progress. I have sympathized with a people who themselves have had no sympathy with passive security and inaction. I have felt confidence in them, and have known, as it were, that their industry must enable them to succeed as a people, while their freedom would insure to them success as a nation. With these convictions I went among them wishing to write of them good words,—words which might be pleasant for them to read, while they might assist perhaps in producing a true impression of them here at home. But among my good words there are so many which are bitter, that I fear I shall have failed in my object as regards them. And it seems to me, as I read once more my own pages, that in saying evil things of my friends, I have used language stronger than I intended; whereas I have omitted to express myself with emphasis when I have attempted to say good things. Why need I have told of the mud at Washington, or have exposed the nakedness of Cairo? Why did I speak with such eager enmity of those poor women in the New York cars, who never injured me, now that I think of it? Ladies of New York, as I write this, the words which were written among you, are

printed and cannot be expunged; but I tender to you my apologies from my home in England. And as to that Van Wyck committee! Might I not have left those contractors to be dealt with by their own Congress, seeing that that Congress committee was by no means inclined to spare them? I might have kept my pages free from gall, and have sent my sheets to the press unhurt by the conviction that I was hurting those who had dealt kindly by me! But what then? Was any people ever truly served by eulogy; or an honest cause furthered by undue praise?"

And still more to the same import:—

"And now had come the end of my adventures, and as I set my foot once more upon the deck of the Cunard steamer I felt that my work was done. Whether it were done ill or well, or whether indeed any approach to the doing of it had been attained, all had been done that I could accomplish. No further opportunity remained to me of seeing, hearing, or of speaking. I had come out thither, having resolved to learn a little that I might if possible teach that little to others; and now the lesson was learned, or must remain unlearned. But in carrying out my resolution I had gradually risen in my ambition, and had mounted from one stage of inquiry to another, till at last I had found myself burdened with the task of ascertaining whether or no the Americans were doing their work as a nation well or ill; and now if ever, I must be prepared to put forth the result of my inquiry. As I walked up and down the deck of the steamboat I confess I felt that I had been somewhat arrogant.

"I had been a few days over six months in the States, and I was engaged in writing a book of such a nature that a man might well engage himself for six years, or perhaps for sixty, in obtaining the materials for it. There was nothing in the form of government, or legislature, or manners of the people, as to which I had not taken upon myself to say something. I was professing to understand their strength and their weakness; and was daring to censure their faults and to eulogize their virtues. 'Who is he,' an American would say, 'that he comes and judges us? His judgment is nothing.' 'Who is he,' an Englishman would say, 'that he comes and teaches us? His teaching is of no value.'

"In answer to this I have but a small plea to make. I have done my best. I have nothing extenuated, and have set down nought in malice. I do feel that my volume has blown itself out into a proportion greater than I had intended—greater not in mass of pages, but in the matter handled. I am frequently addressing my own muse, who I am well aware is not Clio, and asking her whither she is wending. 'Cease thou wrong headed one to meddle with these mysteries.' I appeal to her frequently, but ever in vain. One cannot drive one's muse, nor yet always lead her. Of the various

women with which a man is blessed, his muse is by no means the least difficult to manage.

"But again I put in my slight plea. In doing as I have done, I have at least done my best. I have endeavored to judge without prejudice, and to hear with honest ears, and to see with honest eyes."

NORTH AMERICA. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The West Indies and the Spanish Main." New York: Harper & Brothers.

Another edition of the work noticed above, and issued at the same price, 62½ cents.

THE STOLEN MASK; or, the Mysterious Cash Box. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

One of the author's fine dramatic stories.

THE TWO PRIMA DONNAS. A Novel of Real Life. By Augustus Sala. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Issued in Peterson's series of cheap novels.

THE MASTER. By Mrs. Mary A. Denison. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

This is one of Mrs. Denison's happiest efforts; her best constructed story; in which she has shown herself to be a woman of true genius. "The Master" is a musician of great skill, profoundly absorbed in his art, and with a nature deeply emotional. Around him are grouped a number of characters, all clearly individualized, yet in marked contrast; and the interest in them is well sustained. From the first chapter to the last, the author holds the attention of her readers, and surprises them tearfully in the denouement. "The Master" is a sweet, tender, beautiful story.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST: Being a guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Spain, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Great Britain and Ireland. By W. Pembroke Pettridge. With a map, embracing colored routes of travel in the above countries. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. Paris: Galignani & Co., No. 24 Rue Rivoli. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co., and Gun & Co. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

One of the chief drawbacks to an American traveller in Europe, is his lack of information about what is to be seen, how to see it, and what to pay. The pleasure of his first tour is, in consequence, seriously marred by petty annoyances, and worry about unpleasant things all the while likely to happen. If, before setting out, the prospective tourist could have audience with an intelligent friend, who had been many times over the ground, he would gain from him such knowledge of the best routes, with information touching local customs, things to be seen, prices to be paid, and demeanor to be observed under a series of ever shifting circumstances, as would render the tour profitable and enjoyable. Just such a friend is now accessible in

Mr. Pettridge, through the pages of this carefully written "Hand-Book" for travellers in Europe and the East. The countries visited are described with clearness and accuracy, and particularly the principal cities, with their most peculiar and attractive features. There is a good map, in which the colored routes are all distinctly marked. The introductory chapter, containing hints to travellers to be read before they leave the United States, gives much useful information, and, indeed, the "Hand-Book" will probably save forty per cent. of the usual outlay on foreign travel. The skeleton tours, giving routes and expenses, to suit time occupied and money in hand, will be found essentially useful.

RAVENSHOE. By Henry Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philadelphia: W. S. Martien.

Our previous knowledge of Henry Kingsley, younger brother of Rev. Charles Kingsley, came through the publication of a romance, some three years ago, entitled, "Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn," which marked him as a man of superior ability. His new book, "Ravenshoe," deals chiefly with English life, and is crowded with plot and incident. His characters are clearly drawn, and well contrasted; and their action unimpeded by the intrusion of theories or philosophizings. The book gives strong pictures both in the upper and lower grades, the lights and shadows thrown in with the skill of an artist.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Part III. and IV. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

These numbers are crowded with rare and curious information connected with the days of the year of which they treat. Among the subjects noticed are, Peter the Great in England; Execution of Charles I.; Seventh Sons' Seventh Sons; Commencement of Gas Lighting; South Sea Bubble; Translation of the Bible; Robert Burns. The engravings give curious scenes and objects. A book well worth having will be the "Book of Days," when completed. It will be a perfect magazine of remarkable things.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Dictionary of Useful Knowledge. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We have additional numbers of this comprehensive work to 47, bringing down the subjects to "Fortifications." A dictionary of universal knowledge is one of the indispensable things in a household where mind is busy, and if you are not in possession of one, take our advice and get Chambers'. Three volumes are already published, and the fourth nearly completed. For condensation, clearness and accuracy, it is worthy of all praise. In the matter of typography, it is equal to the best standard books of the day. The illustrations are well chosen, being mostly confined to subjects where a picture is almost indispensable to the text.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

CARRYING WEIGHT IN LIFE.

The "Country Parson," in one of his admirable essays, discourses of people who carry weight in life—that is, who are burdened with some infirmity, or clogged with some hindrance, that diminishes their speed in the race of life. There are few of us who are not weighted, and this consideration, if a higher and more humane one does not operate, should make us the apologists, rather than the censors of those who are struggling on behind us. Of the manifold weights carried by men, the "Parson" instances a number. "There are," he says, "many men who are weighted with a hasty temper; weighted with a nervous, anxious constitution; weighted with an envious, jealous disposition; weighted with a strong tendency to evil speaking, lying and slandering; weighted with a grumbling, sour, discontented spirit; weighted with a disposition to vaporing and boasting; weighted with a great want of common-sense; weighted with an undue regard to what other people may be saying or thinking of them."

Why don't they throw them off? some unreflecting reader may say. Alas! these are habits and hereditary tendencies that cannot be removed by a simple effort of the will. They are ingrained with the soul's substance. The whole man must be regenerated ere he can throw off these weights. So let us pity and help, and thus lighten the burdens they have to carry. More external weights some have to bear. "You have known men," says our observant author, "who, setting out from a humble position, have attained to a respectable standing; but who would have reached a much higher place, but for their being weighted with a vulgar, violent wrong-headed, and rude-spoken wife. You have known men of lowly origin who had in them the makings of a gentleman, but whom this single malign influence has condemned to coarse manners and a frowzy, repulsive home for life. You have known many men whose powers are crippled, and their nature soured by poverty, by the heavy necessity for calculating how far each shilling will go; by a certain sense of degradation that comes of sordid shifts. How can a poor parson write an eloquent or spirited sermon, when his mind is all the while running upon the thought how he is to pay the baker, or how he is to get shoes for his children? It will be but a dull discourse which, under that weight, will be produced, even by a man who favorably placed, could have done very considerable things. It is only a great genius here and there who can do great things—who can do best, no matter at what disadvantage he may be placed; the great mass of ordinary men can make little headway with wind and tide dead against them."

Touching our feelings and duties towards the

class who carry weight in life, the "Parson" has these just reflections. "There is a great difference between our feeling towards the human being who runs his race much overweighted, and our feelings towards the inferior animal who does the like. If you saw a poor horse gravely struggling in the race with a weight of a ton extra, you would pity it. Your sympathies would all be with the creature that was making the best of unfavorable circumstances. But it is a sorrowful fact, that the drag-weight of human beings not unfrequently consists of things which make us angry rather than sympathetic. You have seen a man carrying heavy weights in life—perhaps in the form of inveterate wrong-headedness and suspiciousness; but instead of pitying him, our impulse would rather be to beat him upon that perverted heel. We pity physical malformation or unhealthiness; but our bent is to be angry with intellectual and moral malformation or unhealthiness. We feel for the deformed man who must struggle on at that sad disadvantage; feeling it, too, much more acutely than you would really believe. But we have only indignation for the man weighted with far worse things, and things which, in some cases at least, he can just as little help. You have known men whose extra pounds, or even extra ton, was a hasty temper, flying out of a sudden into ungovernable bursts; or a moral cowardice, leading to trickery and falsehood; or a special disposition to envy and evil speaking; or a very strong tendency to morbid complaining about his misfortunes and troubles; or an invincible bent to be always talking of his sufferings, through the derangement of his digestive organs. Now, you grow angry at these things. You cannot stand them. And there is a substratum of truth to that angry feeling. A man can form his mind more than he can form his body. If a man be well made, physically, he will in ordinary cases remain so; but he may, in a moral sense, raise a great hunchback where Nature made none. He may foster a malignant temper, a grumbling, fretful spirit, which by manful resistance might be much abated, if not quite put down. But still, there should often be pity, where we are prone only to blame."

The Polytechnic College of Pennsylvania

The Annual Commencement of this College for 1862, was held at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the evening of June 26th. It was attended by a large audience, and the exercises were very interesting. We refer to the occasion, that we may express our high estimate of the Institution, which, under the care of Dr. Alfred H. Kenedy, Dean of the Faculty, is steadily rising in the public regard. Young men, graduates of this school, are fitted to take position at once, as civil or mechanical en-

gineers, or as manufacturing or analytical chemists.

The Degrees conferred at the late Commencement, show the range of instruction, which is always adapted specially to the future plans and purposes of the student. They were: "Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering;" "Bachelor of Chemistry;" "Bachelor of Mining Engineering;" and "Bachelor of Civil Engineering." Still, to give a more exact idea of what is taught, take the following subjects of Theses presented by graduates at the late Commencement: "Motion of Steam;" "The Sewing Machine, past, present and future;" "Steam Boilers;" "Manufacture, Properties, and Uses of Soda, its Chlorides, Sulphates, and Carbonates;" "Zinc and its Metallurgy;" "Copper and Copper Smelting;" "Lime, Mortar, and Calcareous Cements;" "Theory of Constructing Economical Wooden Bridges;" "Tunneling;" "Irrigation;" "The Common Roads;" "Manufacture of Illuminating Gas;" "Water Works, and their Construction;" "Stone Bridges."

From these it will be seen, that instruction in the Polytechnic College of our city is designed to cover the ground of nearly all the applied sciences, and that a graduate goes forth furnished with an education, which, if he have any reserve of mental power, makes eminent success in life almost certain. So high does this institution already stand, that its diploma gives, in most cases, the preference to its graduates, where a selection of men for important positions is to be made. This has occurred in a number of instances.

The range of study embraces a preparatory course in what is called "The Scientific School," where, for a year, the student is instructed in Algebra, Geometry, Physics, Physiology, Mineralogy, Drawing, Astronomy, Chemistry, etc., and some of the modern languages. A satisfactory examination passes him, in the next year, to the College proper, or, into what is denominated "The Technical School," where he remains two years, before graduation. Here he is instructed in all the higher mathematics, but specially in the application of sciences to the uses of life, and particularly with reference to his intended profession or work. This, it will be seen, is a very different kind of education from what is received in ordinary colleges, where the chief things are Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. A graduate of the Polytechnic, for all practical purposes, finds himself a head and shoulders in advance of your mere scholar from Cambridge or Yale. They fit young men for the learned professions; this school for practical life and scientific uses.

Commend us to the Polytechnic College of Pennsylvania as the place to educate boys for effective American citizens. It is based on a clear comprehension of what the country demands for progress and development.

Any information in regard to this institution

will be communicated to Dr. Alfred H. Kennedy, of this city, Dean of the Faculty, who will send to any desired address the pamphlet circular of the school, giving terms, particulars of study, and all requisite information.

THE SUNSHINY MEMBER.

Some one speaks these few good sentences about that member of a family who, dwelling in sunshine, diffuses its warmth and light around:—

"Let us try to be like the sunshiny member of the family, who has the inestimable art to make all duty seem pleasant, all self-denial and exertion easy and desirable—even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere throughout the home, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches. You have known people within whose influence you felt cheerful, amiable, hopeful, equal to anything! Oh for that blessed power, and for God's grace to exercise it rightly! I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good—to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent—not entirely a matter of great energy—but rather of earnestness and honesty, and of that quiet, constant energy, which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift; and we all know where all grace is to be had freely for the asking."

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.

It will be seen, on reference to Mr. Thurston's list of Card Pictures published on the cover of the Home Magazine for August, that he is busy in adding to his stock. These pictures are admitted, on all hands, to be among the finest issued.

Some of our exchanges direct their papers to the publishers, instead of to "Home Magazine." This subjects us to postage, and such papers are not, therefore, taken from the office. All exchanges must be directed to "Home Magazine."

"Neither mind nor body can long endure incessant toil. Relaxation is therefore a Christian duty. No man has a right to destroy himself by labor, any more than by poison. The bow that is always bent, loses its elasticity; the mind that is never relaxed, either will wear out the body, or become insane."

"A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God as he who lets go a golden-ored thought, to roll through the generations of time."

If a man be compassionate towards the affliction of others, says Bacon, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm

SEPTEMBER,

1869.



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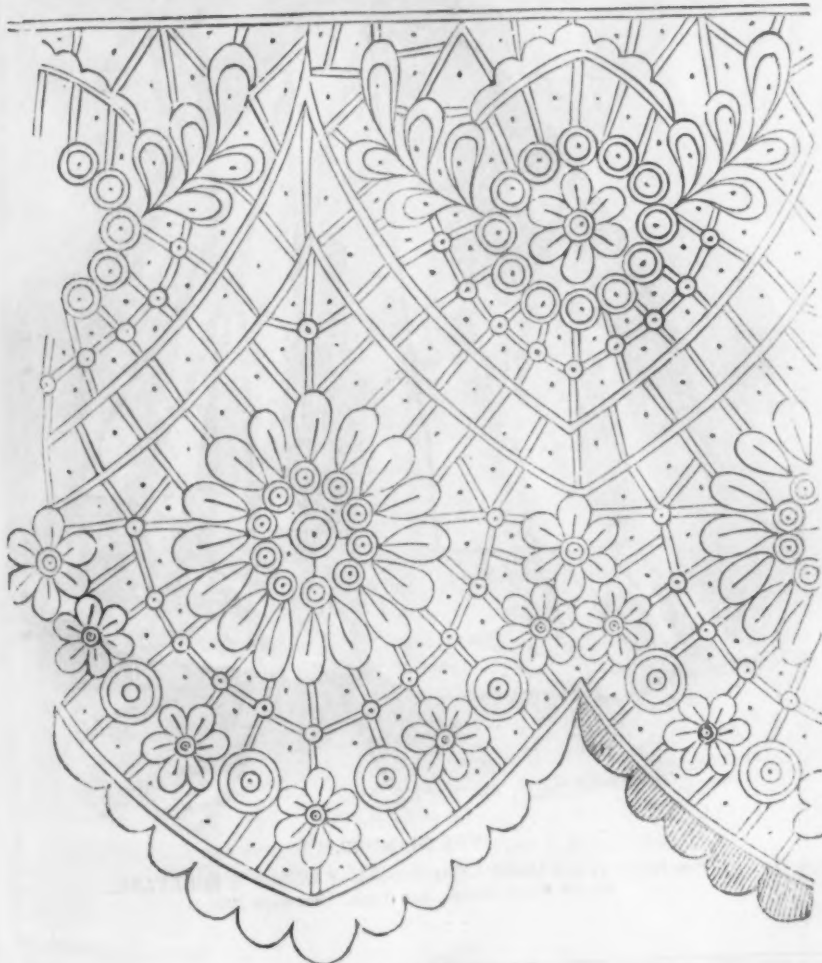


COLLAR AND CUFFS IN SATIN STITCH.

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Minnie

NAME FOR MARKING.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.



THE DIAMOND.

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No. 69 Worth Street, New York. See page 192.



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